

# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900

## REMORSE

ONE morn my bonny lad and I went walking to the town.  
It was, indeed, a "pretty" day -- the birds flew up and down  
On quaint, mysterious errands known only to themselves,  
While laddy peered into the hedge for lurking fays and elves.  
No need was there to hold his hand, no foes had he to meet,  
No danger lay across those paths to trip his heedless feet.

Anon the narrow streets of trade shut out the country green,  
In all the busy thoroughfares no hedge-flanked lanes were seen;  
Close to my side the bonny lad pressed with full serious air,  
His chubby hand shut fast in mine -- he knew it safer there.  
But soon, familiar with the sights, restless and bold he grew,  
His clinging fingers loosed their hold, and then from mine withdrew.

I could have held him if I would, and curbed that spirit free,  
But I was sure he'd grow afraid and hurry back to me.  
Ah! fear found naught a lurking-place in that bright, busy brain,  
And, lost to sight in the gay crowd, I called to him in vain.  
Too late they brought him back to me, my bonny, bonny boy!  
Gone was the laugh from out his eyes, gone was his heaven-pure joy.

An hour slipped by ne'er comes again; one dawning bath the day;  
Who tears the petals of the rose the wrong can ne'er repay;  
No more for hiding fairy folk that innocent, clear gaze  
Will peer into the hedge and bush with credulous amaze;  
It serves him not that I may mourn, useless that I repine,  
Nor tears nor prayers can place again that trusting hand in mine!

Written for Zion's Herald by  
Ada Melville Shaw

B. L. NOOKS

### Devotion to Principle

THE Prohibition campaign is one of education only. Its presidential candidate has no hope of success, and the chairman of the national committee openly predicts the election of McKinley. Nevertheless, it is considered advisable and a matter of good policy to charter a special train and send Candidate Woolley and other speakers around the country on a speaking tour at an estimated cost of \$1,000 a meeting. This is a devotion to principle which cannot but be admired, whatever may be thought of its wisdom in a political aspect. — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

### Still at It

NEARLY thirty-eight years ago, when Hon. Carl Schurz was heaping opprobrious epithets on President Lincoln as he and some of his fellow anti-imperialists are now doing to President McKinley, President Lincoln wrote to Mr. Schurz what he would do well to reread today, as follows: "Be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have 'heart in it' that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine." — *Congregationalist*.

### The Mob Spirit

THE quickness with which the mob spirit was aroused against the Negro race in New Orleans this week is another of those disquieting signs which seem to appear with ominous regularity. The pessimists concerning the future of the blacks in this country are strengthened by such outbreaks. The whites of New Orleans who indulged in the rioting and killing of harmless Negroes belong to the hoodlum class, doubtless, yet their proceedings could not take place in a community where public sentiment is sensitive to human rights without regard to the color of a man's skin. — *Springfield Republican*.

### Let McKinley Finish It

THERE is an unfinished work which we feel is safest in the hands of Mr. McKinley. A group of new and great questions is in process of solution by him. They have been deeply studied by him and those about him. His views, his intentions and his policy are known. His conduct of public affairs has given the people confidence in his wisdom and his judgment. We are convinced that they have no purpose to dismiss him. — *N. Y. Times*.

### How Are They to Withdraw?

BRYAN thinks all American citizens should withdraw from China temporarily or take refuge at some seaport where they can be protected. Undoubtedly the Americans in Pekin would be glad to withdraw, but from present indications they will not be able to do so until an American army — one of the evidences of "militarism" which the Democrats have denounced — has cut its way to the Chinese capital. Can it be possible that Mr. Bryan thinks the Americans are staying in Pekin voluntarily? — *Cleveland Leader*.

### The Middle Western States' Vote

THE growth of industries and the accumulation of capital in the Middle West have created a different feeling on political questions which are now viewed from the same standpoint that they are in the East. The success of the Republican Party in building up the commercial and industrial prosperity of the country has

been an object lesson to the voters of these States that has had a telling effect. The defining of the standard of value has furthermore been received with satisfaction, and the voters are not desirous of placing a party in power that would seek to repeal the financial legislation that has been enacted by a Republican Congress. — *Milwaukee Sentinel*.

### No Year for "Side Lines"

A GOOD many people are preparing political disappointment for themselves. They will certainly be sadder and it is to be hoped wiser men than they are today, when the returns of the national election come in. Dr. Dickie, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who, in New York Thursday night, notified Mr. Metcalf of his nomination as candidate for vice-president on the Prohibition ticket, is one of those bound to be disappointed. He predicted that the Prohibition ticket would receive "over 500,000 votes next November." That would be almost double their "record" vote of 1892 when Bidwell got 264,133. This is not a year for "side lines" any more than '96 was, when the Prohibitionists of both factions — for they split on silver — threw only about 145,000 votes. — *Boston Transcript*.

### McKINLEY

M. R. McKINLEY is a man of strong faith — faith in God, as shown by his devotion to religion; faith in mankind, sometimes too much, perhaps. The greatest men we have had in this country failed of success in certain instances by reason of their unlimited faith in personal friends. Examples are unnecessary to be mentioned in this connection. McKinley's faith in the people is a marvel to me. Men may come to him and place before him suggestions in regard to their fears as to the political effect that certain questions and the conduct of men may have, and nine times out of ten he will study considerably and cautiously all that has been said, and then will reply, "That is not the right thing; the position is a wrong one, and the people will set it right." This is one of his great and leading characteristics.

This is a fair characterization of William McKinley as a man. He is of the best type of American citizenship — wise, judicial-minded, careful, cautious, possibly sometimes suspicious of the motives of men, but in the long run wise in judgment and absolutely fearless in the discharge of duty. Tolerant of other men's views, sympathetic with the suffering, a model of domestic virtue, proud of his country, anxious for her greatness, considerate of all men's interests, he would shine with equal splendor in the rural home upon the farm, upon the bench of the country, at the bar of his country, in the field of diplomacy, in the management of schemes of war, or in the mighty discharge of the varied duties of an American citizen. — GEN. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, in *Independent*.

### BRYAN

M. R. BRYAN'S three great attributes are deliberation, decency and honesty. He is intensely American in all that distinguishes an American from a European. He has the same square-jawed courage, broad humanity and quaint dignity that made Abraham Lincoln the typical American of his day. He has Lincoln's deep religious feeling and Lincoln's unwavering faith in the Declaration of Independence as a sure political guide. He is North America personified, with all its continental prejudices and confidence.

Living in the very heart of the continent, surrounded by a rich country as yet undeveloped, he cannot see why the American Government should seek to establish colonies in Asia by bloodshed when American soil calls for industrious inhabitants. . . . There is not a saner or more wholesome personality in the world than Mr. Bryan. He is evenly developed and evenly balanced. He loves books better than theatres, the fields better than cities, and he loves men better than all. He is equally opposed to imperialism on the one hand and socialism on the other hand, believing that the path of national safety lies midway between the two, along the old American competitive system, with its equal opportunities for all.

Mr. Bryan's financial theories may prevent him from being President of the United States — for there are many who will stickle at the minor issue of free silver and swallow imperialism — but he will always be a great leader while he lives. He is the greatest commoner America has yet seen, a figure of romantic sincerity in an age of brutal commercialism. It has been said of him by his critics that he is merely a trained voice. Rather is he a will, disciplined and hindered by conscience. — JAMES CREELMAN, in *Independent*.

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# Zion's Herald

Volume LXXVIII

Boston, Wednesday, August 1, 1900

Number 31

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CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

### Chinese Army

The imperial standing army of China is composed of 60,000 cavalry and 834,000 infantry and artillery. It is claimed that this is largely on paper, and that no such force is available, even for national defense. One of the best authorities on the subject estimates the regular fighting force at 205,000 men, with 183,000 reserves now under arms, and 506,000 men composing the Green-Standard regiments. The militia force is unknown, but every viceroy has a retinue of well-trained troops under his personal control for local service, and it is plain that with a population of 400,000,000 there are men enough available in every province to resist a large army of foreigners. For the most part the infantry is armed with the Mauser rifle, and the artillery is well supplied with modern breech-loaders, rapid-firers and machine guns. The variety is somewhat confusing, but if there is plenty of ammunition in store, this need not make the force less effective. Only a comparatively small part of those who will be called into action have had anything like proper drilling along the lines of modern warfare, but this disadvantage will be more than overcome by the frenzied opposition to the foreigner. If China really intends to join in a death-struggle with all the world, she can wage a long and terrible contest, and she is not likely to be disconcerted even by the high-sounding words of Germany's War Lord. It is idle to speak of "overrunning" China with a few hundred thousand troops of different nationalities, each leader jealous of every other; and to "wipe out" the Chinese would require a force so large that a year would be necessary to assemble it.

### Fastest Boat in the World

From time to time there have been reports of the results of the turbine engine for which an English inventor made extravagant claims. We now have the official record of the torpedo destroyer Viper, fitted with one of these engines, and the promises of the inventor have been more than fulfilled. The Viper is only 210 feet long, and draws seven feet of water, but her engines developed 12,000 horse power, and sent her over a measured mile at the rate of 37.5 knots an hour—43.2 miles. No vessel in the world ever made such speed as that before. The torpedo destroyers get

up to thirty knots, and Japan has one intended to develop a speed of thirty-three knots, but the Viper would soon leave them behind. Marine engineers will have something to which to devote their attention for a time, and ocean navigation will demand much greater speed in the near future. The turbine engine is still imperfect, and will require much experimenting to bring it into competition with the prevailing type of engines. It is very expensive, but its most serious defect lies in the fact that it cannot be reversed, for it has but one motion, and vessels equipped with it must employ a separate motor for backing. This would put it out of consideration but for that remarkable record of 37.5 knots. Marine engineers will not lose sight of that.

### Fatalities of Railroad

According to the most reliable figures obtainable there were about 533,433 railroad employees at work during the year ending June 30, 1900, and of this number there were 51,743 killed and wounded while in the discharge of their duties—about 9.7 per cent. The casualties of actual warfare seem small by the side of these startling figures. Assuming that we have had 63,000 men in the Philippines during the past year, the casualties at that rate would have amounted to 6,111; but calculated on the average for twenty-three months there were only 1,640 of our soldiers killed and wounded during the last twelve months. The official returns from the British army in South Africa show that the total number killed and wounded, up to July 1, was about 15,000. In a communication to the Senate, June 2, Secretary Root stated that the killed and wounded among our forces in the Philippines from the day of occupation up to May 24 was 2,620, and among the Filipinos 12,884 according to the best information available. If to this number be added the British killed in South Africa, the total is only 30,504, while the number of killed and wounded in railroad accidents is 51,743. This latter number is undoubtedly greater than the total number of casualties in the Philippines and South Africa, including Americans, Filipinos, British, and Boers. It is quite time that all the safety devices known to science be applied to the reduction of the dangers to railroad employees.

### International Balances

During the last six years the value of the exports from the United States exceeded that of the imports by more than two billion dollars. That is, the "balance of trade" has been "in our favor" to that amount; and yet we are sending gold to Europe, sometimes at the rate of a million dollars a day. It would seem as if all the

world ought to be in debt to us, but the facts do not show that it is. Americans have a deep-rooted prejudice in favor of having the balance of trade on their side; Great Britain is quite content to have the balance of trade against her, and her imports exceed her exports \$600,000,000 year after year. The adjustment of these so-called balances takes place without deranging the money market. Indeed, it is not easy to tell where they are adjusted. It is said that Europe has been paying her indebtedness to us by returning American securities to the value of \$700,000,000; that she has collected \$300,000,000 of us for carrying our goods to her market; that she has induced Americans traveling abroad to incur debts to the amount of \$600,000,000 (which has been collected from the balance due us); and that our imports of gold exceed the exports by \$87,000,000. These amounts alone account for \$1,687,000,000, and leave only \$313,000,000 nominally due us from abroad. It is possible that the various trade centres of Europe may owe us as much as that, or it is possible that there are other factors in connection with the foreign trade that have not been considered. In the meantime it should be noted that the United States Treasury now holds gold to the amount of \$427,965,181. While this is the highest point ever attained, it is probable that this will be materially increased by the returns from the Klondike as well as from Australia.

### Suspending Free Trade

It was a matter of considerable surprise when Mr. Balfour, the Government leader in the House of Commons, significantly pointed out that the bill before Parliament to prohibit the exportation of munitions of war applied to coal. Great Britain is evidently preparing to take some decisive step to prevent any further crippling of her industries by the exorbitant prices charged for coal taken from her local mines and shipped to foreign countries in large quantities. The Socialists are demanding that all minerals shall be nationalized, and the public is ready to accept that principle of political economy which declares that "individual profits cease to be legitimate when they are made at the expense of the national welfare." The mine owners are coining money because of the demand for British coal, and commercial companies have not yet developed such patriotism as to refuse to avail themselves of the opportunity. They admit that the output is not equal to the demand, but they invoke free trade and continue to pocket their dividends. The prohibition of the exportation of coal would soon remedy the present condition of things, but it is doubtful if such a measure can secure a majority in Parliament. It has been suggested that the Govern-



ment acquire a coal-bearing area sufficient to guarantee an adequate supply for its own needs, and leave the public to wrestle with the further question of suspending free trade as applied to that necessity of modern life.

#### Communal Dwelling Unearthed

Some explorers from the Northwestern University recently unearthed some interesting ruins in the Paríjito Canyon, twenty-four miles from Santa Fe, N. M. They discovered a communal dwelling, 560 feet long, 450 feet wide, that must have been two stories high, if not three, with 150 rooms. On the first floor these rooms were nine by twelve feet, with ceilings ten feet high. The upper story had no roof, and it was here that the domestic life of the people was spent. A fire-place was unearthed, and on the hearth were four large earthen vessels containing the bones of a buffalo which had evidently served as food. In the same place were also found five stone pipes, a bundle of fives made from the wing bones of a turkey, fragments of pottery, two stone axes, and a rusty piece shaped like a knife. The remains of a furnace were also discovered, showing that the people had some knowledge of smelting ores, and several pieces of copper ore were near by. The building was of dressed stone, laid in mortar, with cement floors. This particular region has never been explored before, and further investigations are expected to reveal discoveries quite as interesting and important.

#### Paris Exposition a Financial Failure

Three principal reasons are assigned for the failure of the Paris Exposition to realize the expectation of those who planned it. The world is in no mood for merry-making, the English especially having their thoughts engrossed with much more serious business; the exposition business has been overdone; and the French people managed the financial part of it in such a way as to precipitate a failure as soon as it became evident that too much had been expected. At the beginning 65,000,000 tickets were offered for sale at half their face value; the banks bought these very freely, expecting to realize handsome profits; when it became evident that nothing like that number of admissions would be registered, they began to sell the tickets for whatever they would bring. The regular price is about twenty cents, but they were sold as low as four cents last week. The paid admissions during the first six weeks were only about six millions, and at that rate the total admissions are not likely to exceed those of the Paris Exposition of 1889, when there were about thirty millions in all.

#### Fire Losses of a Year

The total property loss on 105,342 fires, during the year 1899, amounted to \$153,597,830, and about sixty per cent. fell on the insurance companies. In 1893 the losses were \$167,544,370, but with that exception no other year has seen such destruction of property by fire. There were 105,342 different fires, giving an average loss of \$2,028, as against 94,062 and an average loss of \$1,868 the year before. The development of electrical work has increased the number of fires caused by elec-

tricity from 38 in 1887, to 750 in 1899; but defective heating apparatus is still the largest contributor to the destruction of property by fire. Cigars and cigarettes are charged with 912 fires last year, lightning with 2,760, and incendiaries with 6,744; the origin of 13,127 fires was not discovered, and 1,235 were charged to spontaneous combustion. In the fire list for the year are included 605 churches, the aggregate loss of which was divided almost evenly between the owners and the insurance companies; and 132 theatres, involving a loss of \$789,910, on which the insurance amounted to \$444,410. The largest fire was that in Memphis, causing an approximate property loss of \$1,385,105. Last year was remarkable in that the largest number of fires in any one month was in July, for up to that time December has had the record for twenty-five years. The insurance companies have suffered heavily for several years, and rates will have to be advanced to protect them, unless some means of lessening the number of fires can be applied.

#### Ice from Maine

The hot wave which included so many cities in its sweep has caused an unprecedented demand for ice, and it has been found necessary to tow vessels all the way from Bangor to Baltimore in order to keep up with the demand. It is reported that there are 15,000 tons of ice shipped from Maine every day at this busy time. There is very little probability of any of the crop of 1900 being carried over to 1901, for the icehouses will nearly all be emptied before the middle of September. Last winter the Maine men sold out their properties, for the most part, to the American Ice Company, but the price received is said not to be equal to the value of the ice in store, at present prices. The trust practically controls the ice industry in Maine, but those who are employed to cut it seem to be satisfied that they get quite as much work, with as good wages, as under the old system. The crop last year was about a million tons, and was worth as much as the hay crop. The total ice yield of the United States is said to be 25,000,000 tons, and the average price about four dollars a ton. This would make the annual ice crop worth more than the national output of precious metals during the past year.

#### Convenience of Passengers

Railroads have not met the demands which the public has a right to make when they have arranged freight schedules to the satisfaction of shippers. There has been much consolidation of railroad interests in New England, and with each new consolidation the public has been promised advantages. It is quite time for a readjustment of fares throughout New England, and for some provision by which mileage tickets may be available over all the roads. The railroads centering in Chicago have for three years maintained a mileage system under which mileage tickets of one company are good on the lines of all the others, and 15,000 of these tickets are sold every month. There is no reason why the same system should not be inaugurated in New England, and no possible excuse for not receiving Boston & Maine mileage tickets on the Maine Central—fifty-one per cent. of the stock of

which is owned by the Boston & Maine. There are altogether too many restrictions placed on the use of these convenient certificates for transportation. Indeed, it is quite time to move for a uniform transportation rate of two cents a mile over all the railroads in this part of the country. There is no reason why the man who has \$20 to invest in a mileage ticket should be given such distinct advantages over the man who cannot spare that amount of money. The traveler on a mileage ticket, although he buys at wholesale, generally uses his ticket quite as much at retail as the purchaser of a single ticket.

#### Assassination of the King of Italy

Humbert, King of Italy, was killed by an anarchist's bullet at Monza, near Milan, last Sunday evening, just after he had entered his carriage to return to the palace. The assassin was arrested and safely locked up, in spite of the fury of the crowd in attendance upon the gymnastic competitions then in progress. The murder is doubtless to be wholly charged to that savage band of men who rejoice to call themselves anarchists, and who delight in victims high in rank and responsibility. Two years ago the Empress of Austria was killed by them, and President Carnot of France and Alexander II. owe their death to the same blood-thirsty villains. Humbert was born in 1844, and succeeded his father, Jan. 9, 1878. He married the Princess Margherita of Savoy, and they have two children; the oldest, Victor Emmanuel (born in 1869), succeeds to the throne. Humbert was very far from an ideal king, but he had many kingly qualities which commended him specially to his own people and generally to the world at large. He belonged to a family that never lacked courage, and he went everywhere unguarded, remarking on more than one occasion that assassination was one of the risks of his trade, and having previously encountered two assassins. He was brave enough to visit the cholera hospitals in Naples in 1884 when the cholera was at its height, and going freely among the people in the slums he inspired them with hope and gave to them of his own courage. He paid his father's debts from his own purse, and stood up manfully under the distracting cares of the last few years which have so seriously tried the Government. It is predicted that the immediate result of his death will be the rallying of all good citizens to support the throne, and the dissolution of the compact between the Clericals and the Socialists which has so long embarrassed parliamentary effort.

#### Zeppelin's Air-Ship

About a year ago Count Zeppelin began the construction of an air-ship, on the shores of Lake Constance, at Friedrichshafen. Accepting the idea of using gas to keep his ship in the air, he constructed a vessel 412 feet long and 38 feet broad, divided into seventeen compartments by vertical partitions. The frame is aluminum, and this is covered with silk. There are four rudders and four propellers; the rudders being at the bow and stern, and the propellers at the side. When completed and manned with a crew of five men, the weight was nine tons; as the buoyancy had been calculated



at ten tons, there is a margin of nearly one ton for freight or passengers. The expense up to the time of its completion exceeded \$240,000, and of this amount Zeppelin contributed more than half. With the hope that the gasoline engine would develop a speed of twenty miles, it was expected that it would be possible to make a voyage of several days. The first attempt was made early in July, but on account of imperfections in construction, leaking of gas, and failure to meet the conditions of aerial navigation, the ship came to the ground after a voyage of eighteen miles, driven before the wind. It was announced that a second attempt would be made shortly after, but no reports of another trial have been received, and it is believed that the experts of the Society of Aerial Navigation have persuaded the Count to make fundamental changes before incurring the expense and risk of a journey in mid-air.

#### What Japan Might Have Done

The standing army of Japan consists of thirteen divisions ready for instant service. Each one of these divisions is an army in itself, having two brigades of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, one regiment of field artillery, one battalion of pioneers, and separate battalions for military-train, railway and telegraph service, all equipped with the latest and best arms and ammunition, and maintained with a thoroughness which the Japanese learned from the Germans. The muster-roll of this standing army contains about 175,000 men. Had the Powers given their consent, Japan might easily have had this army inside the gates of Peking long before this time; but the Powers would give no such consent, and for this refusal Russia appears to be chiefly responsible. It turns out that after all the reports of Russian reinforcements in that part of the world, the actual number of Russian soldiers available for military duty did not exceed 60,000, including the 6,000 men on board her men-of-war in Chinese waters. At Port Arthur she had only about 7,500 men and she drew from these for her Tien-Tsin contingent. The provincial forces along the Amoor consist of 35,200 infantry, 4,700 cavalry, and 5,500 artillery, a total of 45,400 men. These have been largely increased since the fighting in the vicinity of Blagovestchensk, but it will be a long time before Russia can assemble in eastern waters any such force as Japan has, and at present her fighting powers in that part of the world do not equal those of the United States. This, undoubtedly, accounts for Russia's refusal to make Japan the representative of the Powers.

#### Our American Peking

Last week a Negro desperado killed two policemen in New Orleans. As soon as the crime was known, the mob began its work with the same fiendish race hatred as that which actuates the Boxers in Peking. There the cry is, "Kill the Foreigners;" here it is, "Kill the Niggers." The leading citizens of a neighboring parish sent a communication to the mayor offering to raise a mob large enough to "annihilate the Niggers of New Orleans." The local mob was prompt in its response. It was composed very largely of mere boys, and, allying itself with such of the

disorderly and criminal classes as came within its reach, spent several days in promiscuous shooting of such Negroes as were so unwise as to show themselves on the street. The murderer himself was hardly in their thoughts, for it was war against a race and not against an individual. Several days passed before the murderer was located, and, as he knew there was only lynch law for such as he, it is not surprising that he determined not to be taken alive. It was necessary to set fire to the house in which he was concealed, but before he fell, riddled with bullets, he succeeded in killing three more men and wounding at least half a dozen. The police hurried the dead body of the Negro out of the way of the mob, and then its real character revealed itself. Foiled in their attempt to vent their fiendish cruelty on the dead, the populace burned to the ground a handsome school building erected for colored children by a wealthy Negro named Lafon, who gave about \$600,000 to charity. It had to be burned because it was devoted to the education of the colored people! Many houses in the vicinity, belonging to the colored population, were burned in spite of the police, who, in the main, did good work for law and order. Naturally the citizens of New Orleans did not want such a demonstration as this at a time when they are endeavoring to make their city the great outlet for the export trade of the West, but there has been sowing to the wind in Louisiana, and the reaping the whirlwind will surely follow. Nothing that has happened, or can happen, in China can be more shamelessly disgraceful than this latest outbreak in the chief city of the Gulf.

#### Peking's Silence Broken

It has been a week of alternating hopes and fears—with the fears predominant. Accounts of the alleged massacre of all the foreigners in Peking have been served up with all the revolting and gruesome details that a vivid imagination, assisted by historical accounts of former massacres, has been able to invent. For the most part they may be dismissed as utterly baseless. Sheng-Suan-Hwal still holds the telegraph key at Shanghai, and he is surrounded by gangs of the most heartless and outrageous falsifiers that were ever assembled on the face of the earth. It is a marvel how reputable newspapers can vie with each other in their efforts to spread the reports of these horrors. Out of the mass of falsehood there may be sifted some few gleams of hope. A letter has been received from the British Minister at Peking, dated July 4, of whose authenticity there can be no reasonable doubt; and one of the same date has been received from Minister Conger. Several of the Chinese legations have been informed that on the 18th of July the Tsung-li-Yamen sent a deputy to communicate with all the legations in Peking, and, finding them all well, supplied them with provisions. Last Friday Li Hung Chang sent a message to the New York *Tribune* to the effect that Peking reported all the Ministers alive, that their safety was assured, and that it was unnecessary for the allied forces to enter Peking. There is no reason to doubt that the message was sent, but it is to be noted that Li Hung

Chang assumes no responsibility for its statements. On Sunday night the State Department received word that letters had reached Tien-Tsin from the German and Japanese legations, dated July 21 and 22, stating that the Chinese attacks had ceased on the 17th or 18th, and that the German, Russian, British, French, Japanese and American legations were still holding out. All these despatches are confirmatory, and there does not appear any sufficient reason for doubting that the Ministers were alive one week ago last Sunday (with the exception of the German Minister, of whose death there can be no question). In the meantime the allies have continued to disagree; no leader has been selected; and France and England, by the disposition they have made of some of their ships, have been accused of ulterior motives. As far as known only about 40,000 men have reached Taku, and the advance to Peking will have to be put off till the middle of August. More trouble has broken out on the Korean frontier, and the Japanese have had an engagement with Chinese and Korean troops at An-Tong, on the Yalu River. Russia may possibly find she has a difficult task in keeping the peace in that part of the world.

#### Events Worth Noting

General William F. Draper of Massachusetts has resigned his appointment as Ambassador to Italy. He is now in this country.

The secretary for India announced in the House of Commons last Friday that 92,000,000 people were included in the famine-stricken area of India. It seems that but for the famine India would have had a surplus of \$14,350,000 this year.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, to superintend the publication of his new dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The revolution in Colombia appears to have collapsed at the very gates of Panama just as the United States was on the point of inaugurating measures to insure freedom of transit across the Isthmus in accordance with the treaty of 1846.

According to a message purporting to have been written by an American who was taken prisoner by the insurgents, Aguinaldo is in the Corona Mountains, in the northern part of Luzon, where it is predicted he will make his final stand.

E. G. Rathbone, former director general of the Cuban post-office, has at last been arrested in Havana and held for embezzlement.

An indirect attempt to censure Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary in the British House of Commons, failed by a vote of 208 to 52. Mr. Chamberlain has announced that the Cape rebels are not to be imprisoned or fined, but disfranchised for ten years, according to the present purposes of the Government.

It has been reported that, in revenge for the killing of one of our soldiers at Oroquieta, in northern Mindanao, a company of the 40th Infantry killed eighty-nine natives. The insurgent leader, Alvarez, with 500 men, is making much trouble there.

General Prinsloo and five thousand Boer troops surrendered near Bethlehem last Thursday. This promises an end of fighting in the Orange Free State, and releases a large force of British troops for service in the Transvaal where they appear to be much needed.



## THE SHINING FACE

IT is related in Exodus, when Moses came down from his forty days' tarrying and communion with God on Mt. Sinai, that his face shone with such glory that the people could not look upon it, though Moses "wist not that his face shone." There is here the lesson, first, of the self-forgetfulness of those who hold closest communion with God; and, second, of God's impartation of Himself to those who wholly wait on Him. To tarry with God and wait upon Him is to open the soul to the transforming and illuminating power of His Spirit — beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image; we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

Even to the world about him the Christian is recognized by his resemblance to Christ. It was true in the days of the apostles that men took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. This is God's way of manifesting Himself to the world. His Spirit is embodied in the members; they are like Him. So it becomes God's method of propagating the Gospel among men, making it known by the light, the spirit, which lives in and shines out from them. In this important sense every true disciple is a messenger and missionary of the Gospel. It does not matter that the disciple is but a weak and frail instrument. It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you. The filmy thread in the electric lamp is but an insignificant thing; but when the electric current courses through it, it makes the room luminous with its radiance. So the weakest servant of Christ shines with a glory surpassing the light of the world, and men come to rejoice in that light. Every child of God is required to let his light shine that others, seeing, may glorify the Father.

We need not stop here to note the simply natural modification of the face by holy thinking and divine communing — that law by which the character of the soul fashions the face and makes it the index of the soul which he who runs may read. It is enough to remember that he who dwells with God becomes partaker of His Spirit, and that Spirit cannot be hid. It will, it must, shine out through the face. Men perceive it and are affected and influenced by it. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shines, also, in the face of His disciples. If you have not been with Moses on Sinai, nor with the Master on the Mount of Transfiguration, nor with the eleven in the upper chamber and seen the tongues of fire, none the less will your face shine to the world if you have heard the voice of God and obeyed.

## MR. READY-TO-HALT

MR. READY-TO-HALT is much in evidence these days. He does not like the heat. He finds it much more convenient to sit on the veranda in a loose garb than to array himself fully and proceed to prayer-meeting. It is his decided opinion that his great exertions — they seem much greater to him than to other people — in this direction during ten months of the year fully entitle him to get all the rest he can during July and August. He is in favor of having it clearly

understood that those who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to keep on with their business these sultry weeks are fully excused from paying any attention to religion. He acts on that principle with much consistency, and the church is left to get along as best it can with the few faithful ones to whom duty is more important than bodily comfort.

Mr. Little-Faith and Mr. Feeble-Mind have similar ideas to those of the brother just mentioned. The cheerful way in which they discharge themselves from all responsibility for the progress of the kingdom of God, both in their own hearts and in the world at large, during the warm weather, is very noteworthy. Their place in the sanctuary is vacant. But they are frequently found at other festivities which make quite as large a demand upon physical strength. Is this right? These persons may find entrance at the Celestial Gate when their Christian pilgrimage is completed. John Bunyan so sets it forth. But they lose much, we are sure. And very many lose by them. We wish they would give the matter careful thought and gird up the loins of their mind. There never was a time when they needed the means of grace more than just now. Never would their presence cheer the pastor so much. Never could they bear such a testimony to the real worth of their religion, or give such pleasure to Jesus. Faithfulness when it costs somewhat is most valuable. A good soldier endures hardness. He who is ready to fall back and sit down as soon as matters get uncomfortable will win no battles and secure no "well done." Let the motto be — "Right Onward." If "the hero is not fed on sweets," and "head winds are right for royal sails," then the children of the Great King should not be so much put out by the rising of the thermometer.

## POLITICALLY WHAT SHALL HE DO?

Swanton, Vt., July 19, 1900.

MR. EDITOR: Over thirty-five years have I drawn spiritual nourishment from the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and partaken of her communion. I love her progressive spirit, her church polity, and her system of spiritual oversight by Bishops and the press. We feel free in asking their counsel and their advice touching all matters pertaining to Christian ethics. As one interested in the well-being of society and representing the lay element of the church, I venture to ask your advice in a matter which may at the present time be troubling many a young Christian.

In the Pastoral Address of our Bishops, and in the utterances of our representatives in General Conference, the liquor traffic is recognized as a great evil which "cannot be legalized without sin." At the present time both the Republican and Democratic parties are in closest sympathy with the traffic and fostering its interests, as no one will assume to deny. Now, taking the utterance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which says, "No political party has a right to expect, nor should receive, the vote of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license system or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon," and the fact that both political parties mentioned *do* sustain those objectionable relations to the traffic, can I, as a Christian man, if I accept the

utterance of my church as sound, vote in the coming election for the nominees of either of those parties? I am only one of thousands in our church who believe that they have a duty to perform, as Christian men, in "rendering to Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar and to God the things that belong to God," and desire to perform that duty as they would any other Christian obligation, in the "fear of God." I am quite sure that you will recognize it as our privilege to "look to the press of our church for light upon all matters which pertain to Christian ethics," and ask that you give us a candid and unprejudiced answer. H. C. BARNES.

The foregoing letter is given place in our columns because it is sincere and serious, and representative of many received by the editor. An editorial on another page, entitled "The Voter's Duty," answers this inquirer in a general way; but in order to be more explicit, and to give him a chance to be heard, we herewith offer a supplementary explanation.

While our church, through the General Conference and its Bishops, makes its pronouncements on the liquor traffic, raising high the ideal standard of prohibition, the individual voter is rightly left free to express his own privilege and prerogative. This must be recognized as a basal fact in consideration of this subject. Our friend may seek for light — and we hope he will receive it from some source — but in the last issue he must settle for himself how he will vote; and, we trust, as an American citizen, will cast his ballot without restraint or dictation. Another basal fact must be considered. It is really impossible to carry out the ideal political action which the Methodist Episcopal Church has demanded. And there is nothing strange or remarkable about this condition of things. The standard must not be lowered even though the practical attainment be delayed. Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount two thousand years ago, though He knew that its standards would not be reached by His followers for more than twenty centuries. Paul wrote his unrivaled apostrophe on love to the gross and licentious Corinthians, who certainly could not apprehend it. If a pronouncement is to be made against a great evil like the liquor traffic by the church, the very highest standard must be lifted. But the fact must also be recognized that, according to the nature of things and in our present environment, the ideal condition cannot now be reached. The Christian Church represents in numbers a hopeless minority of the voting population. The church can neither make nor unmake parties. It is but a meagre fraction of the two great dominating political parties of the country. The effort to found a party whose only or main issue is the restriction of the liquor traffic, has humilatingly and hopelessly failed. The steadily decreasing vote of the Third Party shows that it does not commend itself to the confidence of even loyal temperance citizens. It is idle to say what ought to be, or what might be; the Third Party experiment has been long enough on trial to show what it inevitably will be.

With this ground-work of facts confronting the honest voter, he is left the alternative of taking, not ideal action, but of choosing that which in his judgment offers the safest and most healthy



result. At the present time the way of duty, to the writer, seems perfectly clear. It is plain that either the Democratic or the Republican Party will succeed—either William J. Bryan or William McKinley will be elected President of the United States. The editor cannot vote for Bryan because of his financial views and his policy toward our new island possessions. So pronounced are we in our convictions on these points that we could not vote for and with the Third Party because a vote so cast would help to elect Mr. Bryan.

In these brief terms we reply to our inquirer's questions. Very likely our response will prove unsatisfactory. We fully believe, with Governor Roosevelt, that this is the most important Presidential election since the days of Lincoln. We hope that our correspondent will become fully persuaded in his own mind, and so cast his vote as to help on the cause of righteousness and his country's highest welfare and honor.

### Why Any Worse in the Chinese?

IT is singular that people claiming to be governed by Christian standards and by the principles of Him who "when He was reviled, reviled not again," should so quickly break out into violent speech against the Chinese. It would seem as if the humiliating history which we are making in the process of self-government, and in the failure to exercise the power of self-control, would moderate these expressions of savagery. It is an old maxim of common law, founded in principles of eternal right, that he who comes to the court for justice must come with clean hands.

It were better, before we demand that the Chinese shall overcome and punish the revolutionist, the anarchist and the murderous mob in China, that we show we are able to do it in our own land. For nearly a year revolution and anarchy have been rampant in Kentucky, and the revelations in the Goebel trial put all pretence of a peaceable republican state government in that commonwealth to shame. For months in St. Louis a violent mob was uncontrolled and unwhipped, frequently attacking and murdering defenceless women. But worst and most brutal of all was the attack last week in New Orleans (noted elsewhere) of a mob of white men upon entirely innocent Negroes. An infuriated body of whites started upon a ghastly crusade against Negroes and actually rivaled atrocities which have been charged upon the Chinese in the last few weeks. Honorable colored men who chanced to be seen by this blood-thirsty crowd were pulled out of street-cars, shot, tortured and butchered, and only because they were black! And all this in Christian America! The Christian has shown himself to be a greater brute than the "heathen Chinese."

### Inciting Race Riots

COULD anything more strikingly manifest the brutal instinct in our people than the disposition, shown in some quarters, to do violence to the innocent and harmless Chinese of this country because of the action of the Boxers? In what possible sense can the industrious and hard-working Chinamen of this land be held responsible in any degree for what is taking place in China? And the talk about boycotting Chinamen, and the threats to do them harm, is not only supremely childish and silly, but unpatriotic and grossly wrong, sully our fair fame as a nation. Let every one

resist this atrocious impulse. Frown upon it everywhere and instantly. Stifle the mob tendency wherever it threatens to break forth. The public press has a tremendous responsibility in this case. It must educate and help to control barbarous instincts still so dominant in human kind. Municipal, state, and general government should be alert and effective in suppressing any tendency to violent outbursts against the Chinese here in America.

### THE BROWN CHAIR

ONE of the oddest and at the same time most disheartening features of community life in a small city or large country town, as it seems to the Brown Chair, is the apparently causeless and needless springing up of little estrangements between neighbors—tiny rifts of misunderstanding at first, but ever widening and widening, through neglect of repair, until they silence the lute of human kindness. It is seldom that both parties know definitely how these slight estrangements arise. It may be out of the most trivial and most unsuspected cause—a lack of recognition on the street, perhaps, for which the offending party is quite blameless, since unconscious of the apparent discourtesy. A simple and very common physical disability, nearsightedness, is responsible, I dare say, for fully one-third of all the cases of estrangement between neighbors.

Then there are small envies, for which the offended party, though thinking himself or herself aggrieved, is entirely to blame. I knew a case of long and bitter estrangement between neighbors that was finally traced back to a most peculiar and unsuspected cause. The woman who "began it" was offended *because her neighbor had a baby and she herself had none!* When you look at it this is more sad than absurd, after all; yet how foolish, how unkind, how unwomanly, to pour the vials of one's disappointment upon the innocent head of a friend and neighbor! Such an act is simply self-disclosure—the evidence of a sour, discontented, and envious disposition. The woman who really had the cause for grievance was the mother, and yet so far was she from feeling offended that she declared to a friend that she would "do anything in her power to bless poor Mrs. A—with a baby!"

The worst thing about neighborhood estrangements is their prompt and cordial mutuality—the readiness of both parties to recognize and foster them. These little misunderstandings would amount to nothing whatever if either party would make some slight advance at the outset to disprove and remove the obscure cause of offense. But most people, as soon as they notice a neighbor's coldness, will say: "Something ails Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so. They are angry at us about something—heaven knows what! Well, let them stay angry till they get over it. I am sure we have done nothing to offend them." Then both parties proceed to repay coldness with coldness, cease to visit over the fence, cut each other on the street, and speedily develop a genuine case of silent feud, whose bitterness is all the more acrid for being held in the mouth and swallowed.

The only reasonable, human, Christian thing to do, when vague trouble of this kind arises, is for the "party of the second part," the party against whom the animosity is first directed, to make some such neighborly and kindly advance as will prove the groundlessness of any suspicion of ill feeling or bad intent on their part. This ought to, and generally will, dispel instantly the

misapprehension of the aggrieved neighbor and promote kindlier and more cordial relations than ever. To be sure, this is a rather hard thing to do for one who feels more sinned against than sinning. The tendency of human nature is still, unfortunately, to return blow for blow and to demand tooth for tooth. But it is the right thing, the Christian thing, and in the end the best and happiest and most satisfactory thing to do. Indeed, it is no excuse for avoiding any line of action to protest that it is *hard*. Most duties that end in blessings are hard. Difficulty is not to be considered as a motive for abandoning any course that is right and good.

I have known enough instances of neighborly estrangement removed by kindly advance from one side or the other to feel assured that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this is the sure corrective for any such trouble. Indeed, it is almost magical, the way the clouds of suspicion and coldness melt before a single ray of kindness! In a minute a whole year's estrangement and ill-feeling may be dispelled and replaced by grateful, unreserved cordiality. This shows how constrained and unnatural and superficial the state of enmity was. There was really nothing to base it upon; it was maintained by sheer spite and stubbornness. Scratch a neighbor, and you will almost always find a friend—but you mustn't scratch cat-fashion. Simply break the veneer of distrust and resentment by some kindly, cordial act or word, and underneath you will find the ready, willing, warm-hearted associate and helper.

BROWN CHAIR.

### PERSONALS

—Rev. Dr. J. W. Lindsay returned last week from four weeks' stay at Lake Mohonk.

—Rev. L. H. Dorchester will spend his vacation at Cottage City, and will preach at the Tabernacle, Sunday evening, Aug. 5.

—Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, chancellor-elect of the University of Nebraska, has returned from Europe and is in Chicago preparing his final report as superintendent of the public schools.

—The Chicago *Times-Herald* says of John Alexander Dowie, of Zion's Tabernacle, Chicago: "Dowie is alleged to have made \$5,000,000 out of Zion. Yet some people claim that he doesn't know his business."

—Dr. S. P. Cadman, of Metropolitan Temple, New York, has been selected as one of the Monday lecturers on "Morals and Religion" by New York University. Dr. Cadman will deliver his lecture the first Monday of next March.

—The guest of honor at the Old Home celebration in Buckfield, Me., on Aug. 11, will be Secretary Long, or "Johnnie" Long, as the citizens affectionately call him. He was born there, and even today knows many of its citizens personally.

—Bishop Hamilton and family, who had been spending a few days at Marshfield, left on Friday of last week for Cincinnati, whence, after attending to business matters, the Bishop will proceed to Reno, Nevada, where he holds his first Conference, Aug. 30.

—Rev. E. S. Lewis, D. D., pastor of the First Church, Columbus, O., has returned from his extensive trip in the interests of the International Sunday-school Association. He took part in twenty-seven conventions in some of the principal cities of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California,



Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and British Columbia.

— Rev. Dr. S. L. Baldwin, of the Missionary Society, is now hopefully recuperating at Hyannisport.

— Dr. C. C. Bragdon, with his wife and daughter, returned last week to Auburn-dale, not having made a visit to Alaska, as our exchanges in the Northwest reported.

— Rev. Calvin V. Arnold, for fifty-two years a member of Wyoming Conference, and one of the old circuit-riders, died at his home in Binghamton, N. Y., July 25, at the age of 77. He had attended every session of the Wyoming Conference since 1848, when he was ordained.

— Bishop Hartzell is spending a few weeks at Luzerne, N. Y., in company with Mrs. Hartzell, whose health is slowly improving. She is able to go out riding daily. Bishop Hartzell will represent the Missionary Society at Detroit, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Central Illinois Conferences.

— The *Western Christian Advocate* of last week says: "Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, recently editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati. There is much congratulation over the fact in the city and particular church."

— Dr. Daniel Bonbright, the dean of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., has been chosen to assume the duties of president, until a permanent successor to Dr. Henry Wade Rogers is appointed. He is a graduate of Yale, class of 1850, and has been a member of Northwestern's faculty since 1853.

— We are glad to learn that Rev. Dr. Albert J. Nast, editor of the *Christliche Apologete*, will soon begin the preparation of a biography of his father, the late Dr. William Nast, father of German Methodism. Dr. Nast was one of the epoch-making men of our church, and the story of his life and work will be of intense interest and value.

— Prof. Henry W. Brown, vice-principal of New Hampton (N. H.) Literary Institution, who was so hopefully spoken of to succeed Rev. Dr. J. F. Haley, the retiring president of Bucksport Seminary, was unwilling to be considered as a candidate for the position this year. Prof. Brown is a son of the late Rev. W. L. Brown, of the East Maine Conference. He has held his present position for thirteen years.

— Prof. C. M. Stuart, D. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, and Mrs. Stuart are exploring Boston and its suburbs with enthusiastic interest. Seldom have we met a visitor to this city so delightfully interested in the historic landmarks in and about the Hub as is Dr. Stuart. He not only likes Boston, but he likes it prodigiously and pervasively. He is the sort of visitor to whom we give heartiest welcome.

— The *Western Christian Advocate* states emphatically that there was no foundation in fact for the sensational dispatch sent over the country to the effect that Dr. W. H. W. Rees had resigned his position on account of differences with Secretary Mason. The *Western* says: "The reasons for which Dr. Rees resigns are purely personal."

— We learn from the *New York Advocate* of last week that "Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, of Troy Conference, has been elected vice-principal of Hudson River Institute, at Claverack, N. Y. He has been engaged in Sunday-school assembly work at Ocean Grove, to the delight of his classes. Prof. Hutchinson comes well equipped for teaching science by special study in Harvard and Chicago Universities after graduation

from Dickinson College. Mrs. Hutchinson, daughter of B. B. Loomis, D. D., will have charge of the department of French Language and Literature. She has had wide experience and study abroad."

— Rev. Dr. W. H. Daniels spoke at Old Orchard three times on Sunday in the interest of the India Famine Fund, with good results. The congregation gave \$40 in addition to \$45 previously sent.

— Rev. Paul C. Curnick, D. D., pastor of St. Paul Church, Cincinnati, who has added two hundred to the membership in the three years of his pastorate, is invited to return for the fourth year.

— Rev. Fayette Nichols writes from Amherst, N. S., under date of July 26: "On reaching the home of my daughter, Mrs. Minnie A. Morris, at Amherst, N. S., where I had come to spend my vacation, I heard the sad news of the sudden death of my little granddaughter, Delia Louise. The cause of her death was spinal meningitis. She was an only child and six months old."

— Chaplain W. G. Cassard, U. S. N., who is on duty at the Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I., was one of the speakers on Naval Day, July 26, at the New England Chautauqua Assembly at Montwait. Secretary Long, who was also present, made an address in which he spoke in terms of commendation of the work of Chaplain Cassard among the naval apprentices at the Training Station.

— The daily press is making much of the probable selection of Rev. Dr. John C. Ferguson, president of the Imperial University, Nanyang, Shanghai, as the successor of Sir Robert Hart, who has been at the head of the Chinese customs service. It will be remembered that Dr. Ferguson is a graduate of Boston University, and has lived in China fourteen years. He has been greatly trusted and honored by the Chinese. He is private adviser of Sheng and foreign adviser of the viceroy of Nankin. He is likewise the editor and publisher of a Chinese daily at Shanghai.

— The many devoted friends of Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Steele will be interested to know — a fact we have learned incidentally and without their knowledge — that they will reach the golden anniversary of their marriage, August 8. The first item in Dr. Steele's family history in the Wesleyan Alumni Record reads: "Married, Aug. 8, 1850, Miss Harriet Binney, of Wilbraham, Mass." While the absence from the city and suburbs of nearly all our ministers and many of our church people will prevent such a recognition of the event as would be made with unusual love and heartiness under ordinary circumstances, yet we are confident that in some way their friends throughout the country will bear to them some expression of their affectionate and grateful consideration.

### BRIEFLETS

Seek to know the mind of God, if you would learn the secret of moving the minds of men.

For chaste and elegant writing on a high and yet practical spiritual plane, it is not often that we publish anything finer than Dr. Elliott's contribution on another page, entitled, "At the Beautiful Gate."

The proposition which Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, made in a public address during the Christian Endeavor Convention in that city, that the members of that young people's organization in America "put up Father Clark for President of the United States and Mr. Sheldon (of To-

peka) for Vice President, again illustrates the fact that a distinguished minister and preacher may be entirely lacking in political sense.

If this world were not so much of a wilderness as it is, those who are now pilgrims through it might choose to become dwellers in it. We ought not to desire such present happiness as would make us unmindful of future blessedness.

As is shown elsewhere, the veil which has hung over China so long, and which has seemed impenetrable, is lifting. So far nothing has appeared to disturb the hope that our missionaries have escaped harm. Some interesting cablegrams were received at New York, July 30, from missionaries in China. Dr. Homer Eaton, treasurer of the Missionary Society, received two cables from Shanghai. One is as follows: "Urge Bishop Moore's immediate coming. Warner-Lacy-Jellison." The other was from Rev. A. J. Bowen, of Nanking, treasurer of the Central China Mission. It says: "Notify relatives. Am in pressing need of funds." Dr. Eaton cabled \$4,000 to Mr. Bowen. Mrs. H. B. Skidmore, treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, also received a cable from Shanghai, from Miss Kate Ogborn of the Kiu Kiang station, asking for \$1,500. The money was cabled.

How much more the waving of the tree-tops means to some souls than to others! To some it brings a veritable ecstasy; to others it is nothing but a meaningless motion. Is there not a hint here of what heaven may be to our released and untrammelled spirits, even should there be no change of environment? In heaven, perhaps, we may still be in sight of the stars and the trees — but with what new and clarified vision shall we behold them!

Whatever may be the limitations of a minister, there is one important part of his work in which he can certainly succeed, and that is, the pastoral care which his people demand. The only requisites are a right spirit and a determination to work until the ground is fully covered. We were never able to understand how a pastor could consciously neglect the personal cure of souls committed to his care. There is no reason for it, nor can any excuse be offered. Does a minister seek to excuse himself by saying that he does not like pastoral work? So much the worse for him. He is not in the ministry to do the things he likes, but the things he ought to do. There is no condemnation greater than to have needy and hungry souls say: "The minister has not visited me."

Other things being equal, the pastor's success, like that of every other man, will depend upon the measure of hard work that he puts into his ministry. We are coming to have less and less faith in the practical value of brilliant parts, and infinitely more in the possibilities of hard work. The most successful ministers whom we have known have not been men of genius and culture, but men who were "at it and always at it." Nothing will make up for indifference and indolence. Grace certainly will not, for both are wicked, and grace does not flow along sinful channels. Sermons cannot be made without a tremendous amount of hard work. "What is the matter?" we asked concerning a young minister who gave great promise of large usefulness, but who no longer held or interested his people in his preaching. "Oh, he is no longer making proper preparation for his pulpit," was the quick reply. "Why is not a certain young man invited to return for another year?" we inquired, and the answer was: "He brings



nothing to pass, and especially he does not pastor his people." Where was the lack in these instances? Simply and only in an unwillingness to do the necessary work.

Chancing to meet one of the leading pianists of this city, the other day, who was about to go away for a vacation of several weeks, we said: "You will allow the piano to rest during these weeks, will you not?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "I have already shipped two—a baby grand and an upright—to my summer home, and I must get to them at once. I have some difficult playing to do in public in the fall, and I could not do it at my best if I should neglect, even for a few days, my practice." In the confession of this distinguished artist is there not a hint for all who are called to do their best in any important work? Are we keeping in practice? Are we not expecting unusual results when we have not done the things which would justify the expectation? Sainthood, superior goodness, come very largely from the persistent effort to practice goodness. Christlikeness, realizing the Christ life, is the result of unbroken practice. Beware lest you get "out of practice."

We cannot know truth by opposing it or by simply investigating it. The only way to really know it is to follow it.

Be sure and turn to page 965 and read the Tien-Tsin letter written by Miss Mary Shockley to her friend, Miss Steere. She gives a vivid picture of the terrible condition of things, her last entry being June 15. It will be noted that she makes the first reference to Dr. Terry that has appeared since the report of her murder in May, saying she was alive at the date of writing, but shut up in Pekin.

Follow an old path far enough, and it will reveal to you a new horizon.

### THE VOTER'S DUTY

**S**URELY every man who has a vote has a duty. He may not ignore it, he may not refuse it; he ought to use it wisely both for the good of humanity and especially for the glory of God. There can be no doubt as to the importance and vast significance of the present hour. We are not considering the duty of a citizen of a little town or hamlet, or of an independent commonwealth, or of a small provincial nation, but the duty of a citizen of a nation of well-nigh eighty millions that God has raised up within a wonderfully brief period. There has never been a nation with such a growth and such a history as our own. What God's thought is concerning our future is not given to the most far-sighted and wisest to discern. The startling and world-thrilling events of the past three years have not been altogether of our own choosing. We criticised in the severest terms the Christian nations of Europe because they allowed their petty jealousies to stand in the way of their combined effort to suppress the blood-thirsty Turk and at the same time protect the crushed and helpless Armenians. We did right to criticise the nations of Europe for their most unchristian conduct, for it was their solemn duty to unite to defend the victims of tyranny and break the power of the oppressor. It remains, and will forever remain, an indelible stain upon the record of these nations that they refused to hear the cry of the helpless for help. How little we dreamed that there

would be a similar case thrust upon us for our consideration and action! From the fair islands of the southern seas there came to our ears the cry of a long-oppressed people. Long-continued and earnest effort was made to give them succor and relief, but despite our best endeavors the work of the oppressor went on, and devastation and starvation went hand in hand, while a determined band of patriots bravely endeavored to drive the tyrant's minions from their fair land. Step by step we were led on—and who shall say that it was not in the order of Providence?—until at last force must be used; and so the ships of Sampson's fleet destroyed the last vestige of the sea power that centuries before had sent out the Armada to sweep Protestantism from the face of the earth. Thus the Queen of the Antilles was rid forever of the blight and curse of four hundred years.

It seems, also, as though God's hand led Dewey to Manila. How else can we account for that most singular expedition from Hong Kong? It does not look as though it were pure human contrivance to select Dewey to command our fleet in the Asiatic waters; or that he should have been at Hong Kong just when he was; or that he should have formed the purpose to do just what he did and as he did it, and establish himself on shore after the world-famous battle of May 1, 1898; or that those most beautiful islands of the Pacific, named for one of the worst monarchs that ever sat on the throne of Spain, should come into the possession of the most Protestant nation of the nineteenth century. We have been making history at a tremendous rate the past three years.

And now we see in far-away China one of the most extraordinary upheavals the nations have ever known. God is not absent from China. The battle of the nations is to be in China. Gog and Magog have at last met, and the history of these days will be the wonder of future generations; the doings of these days will mold and fashion the destiny of the human race. China is a near neighbor of ours. We have half a million of her sons scattered all through our own land. Our commercial relations with China are of vast importance. We have all the usual governmental relations with China. We have gone to China in obedience to the solemn command of the King of kings to carry the Gospel, to build schools and churches, to erect and support hospitals—in short, to carry to the people of China all that is best in Christian civilization. And now, when in a frenzy of unreasoning madness these people have determined to drive out or slaughter all foreigners, destroy all property of foreigners, and shut their doors forever to all the outside world, we are confronted with the question of duty. If ever there was a time when the governments of Christendom should heed the admonition that they bear not the sword in vain, this is pre-eminently the time. Beyond all possibility of successful contradiction our great nation must bear her part. She must not shrink in this hour of awful responsibility. She must be ready not only to protect, defend and deliver from future peril all her citizens, but she must insist that the murderers of helpless women and children shall be punished, not simply by the exaction of a money penalty, but by the utter de-

struction of the war power of a government that cannot prevent, or will not, the unspeakable infamies of this awful summer. Our own country must bear her part in the adjustment of these great wrongs.

Every voter in all our borders ought most carefully to consider these facts and their significance. It is conceded that we now have at the head of our nation a wise, careful, calm, far-seeing Christian statesman. He is pure and exemplary in his personal and domestic life; from boyhood he has been a professing Christian, and is such today; he has had experience in his own great State of Ohio as a legislator and administrator of laws; he has had experience in Congress; and now to all this he has added the experience of almost four years as President. In the civil war he risked his life in many battle-fields, and in every position he has been called to occupy he has shown himself well able to discharge its every duty in the fear of God and for the benefit of his fellow-men. It is not claimed that either he or his party is beyond the possibility of criticism. In some respects they might have done better—they would have been more than human if this were not so; but the question for the voter to consider is whether in the present stress of affairs it is wise to make a change in the administration of our government—in the language of Lincoln, "to swap horses while crossing the stream," and a stream so full of peril. Is there any great and lasting good that can be accomplished by a change? Indeed, is there any good whatever that a new administration can obtain beyond what may be secured by the present? The giant oak cannot be crowded back into its acorn shell. A nation of eighty millions has altogether different responsibilities from those of a nation of five millions. The present year of grace is 1900, and not 1800. We must stand in our lot and place and do the work that, in the order of Providence, comes to us. We must not shirk, we must not dodge; we must be a nation of true, brave, God-fearing men. This is the ideal voter. All our voters ought to come up to this standard. The man who is at the helm of state is this kind of a man. Shall we exchange him while the tempest howls, and the surges rise, and the heavens are thick with blackness, for an inexperienced pilot? If we gage public sentiment correctly, the people do not want, nor will they have, any change. They will run no risks.

Of course we do not forget the great moral and social and political dangers which threaten our nation. But we cannot do all things at once. We believe that the day of municipal reform is to dawn; and that the time is to come when communities will combine to restrain and exterminate the liquor traffic. But that is not the supreme question at the fore in this momentous hour. The present all-important duty of the voter in national affairs is to see that no unwarranted change is made in our Administration; that no financial risks are run; and that no halt is made in our expanding history. This is no time for men to stay away from the polls; this is no time for good and true men to throw away their votes. This is the hour above all the hours of the past when the voter should be true to his flag, to his country, and to his God.



## THE LONGING HEART

MARGARET BAMFORD.

How long, O Lord, we wait Thy coming glorious!  
 Age follows age, and year succeeds to year.  
 Oh, when shall we behold Thee, King victorious?  
 When shall Thy chariot of clouds appear?

"When wars and tumults rise, be ye not fearful," —  
 Thus spakest Thou upon Mount Olivet;  
 "Not yet the end;" and we, with faces tearful,  
 Cast back the sad refrain, "Not yet, not yet!"

Still from the battle-field the groan arises;  
 The sound of tumult greets our ear each day;  
 Still Famine's hapless victim agonizes;  
 Still the dark angel calls our loved away.

Still travaileth the whole creation groaning;  
 Each day Thy poor dumb things must smitten be;  
 Round lonely mountain-peaks the winds are moaning;  
 On death-fraught ledges breaks the sullen sea.

"Where is your Lord?" exulting cry the scoffers;  
 Day follows day, and all remains the same.  
 They scorn Thy love, which life eternal offers;  
 Lord, vindicate the glory of Thy name!

Each Sabbath bell, in solemn gladness ringing,  
 Tells that our Saviour rose from out death's gloom.  
 Each glad some spring, new life and beauty bringing,  
 Speaks of a country filled with light and bloom.

Come quickly, Lord! banish this sin and sadness.  
 Let Thy new reign these jarring noises quell!  
 Clothe this dull earth anew with peace and gladness —  
 An earth where righteousness shall ever dwell.

Newton, Mass.

## PREVAILING PRAYER

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

THERE are several other good women named in Bible biographies to whom we owe our gratitude besides Hannah the model mother, Ruth the model daughter, and Dorcas who sanctified the needle. One of these was that Syro-Phœnician woman who came to Jesus, and besought Him to cast the evil spirit out of her afflicted daughter. For a time the Master seemed to hold her as it were at arm's length, in order to try the mettle of her faith. Like Bartimeus, she only cries the more importunately for mercy; and like him she carries the day. "Go thy way," saith the compassionate Jesus. "Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And so He granted to a great faith what He might have denied to a little faith.

Prayer is not a teasing and a coaxing of an unwilling God; it is the fervent plea of weakness and of want into the open ear of One who knows just what is best for us. One of the things that is best for us to have is a complete trust in God. He does not cheapen His mercies; nor does He toss them to us as a foolish father flings money to a spendthrift son. We must come into the right attitude, and stay there. An honest, trustful faith — a faith that works while it prays, a faith that is not balked by discouragements — does not plead without

securing some real and precious blessings. Such faith creates such a condition of things that it is wise for God to grant what would otherwise be denied.

There are many things in the loving providence of our Heavenly Father to which we ought to submit. We ought to submit unconditionally and without murmurings to certain chastisements and bereavements. "I opened not my mouth because *Thou didst it*." A childlike faith has often written that line with eyes swimming with tears, and has often carved those words on the monument that covered a darling of the heart. But there are many things in our pathway that we must not submit to; we must wrestle with them and overcome them. If Apollyon strides across our road we must fight him out of the road. If a difficulty blocks our path of duty, then is the time for a stout faith to "remove the mountain." A parent whose children are yet unconverted has no business to sit down in silent submission to such a state of things. Neither has a pastor of a church any right to sit down submissively to the terrible fact that the Gospel is powerless and no souls are converted. The reason why there are no revivals in some churches is that they actually vote not to have them!

That Syro-Phœnician mother would have done egregiously wrong if she had gone home submissively under a first seeming discouragement. "There's nae gude done, John, till ye get into the *close grups*." So said Jeems the doorkeeper to Dr. John Brown, who gave us the immortal "Rab." There lies one secret of prevailing prayer. The woman of Canaan carried her point and got the demon expelled from her daughter because she came into a "close grip" on the Divine Healer. God is a wise and supreme sovereign up yonder, and we are responsible free agents down here. As a sovereign, He has commanded us to pray, and to pray without ceasing. The ceasing would be a sin. God reserves to Himself the right to grant our requests when He chooses, and just as He chooses. It is our duty to pray, and it is God's right to bestow the answers that seem best to Him; *i. e.*, such answers as are for our good and for His glory. The right kind of faith is that temper of the soul which submits to what God orders, but never submits to what God can make better. If we yield to temptations and yield to discouragements when we ought to struggle against them; if we are tamely content to be without spiritual blessings, and neither labor nor pray persistently for such blessings, we deserve to suffer.

Prevailing prayer must always be accompanied with prevailing effort on our part. God never puts a premium on cowardice or laziness, or palpable neglect of duty. There is no haphazard in prayer. All of God's promises have their conditions; we must comply with those conditions or we cannot expect the blessings coupled with the promises. No farmer is such an idiot as to look for a crop unless he has ploughed his field and sowed his seed. Be sure, my Christian friend, that you are honestly and perseveringly doing your part, if you expect God to do His part. He promises his Holy Spirit to His ministers and His churches when they are

willing to co-operate with the Spirit; if they quench the Holy Spirit, they pay the terrible penalty.

What a magnificent epic are the triumphs of prevailing faith! The Bible history shines with the glorious record. That early church were "*continuing* with one accord in supplication," when the Pentecostal baptism of power descended upon them. Prayer opened Peter's prison doors; and I have seen awakened sinners come into meetings and inquiry-rooms who were just as truly delivered from Satan's prisons as the Apostle was, by fervent, intercessory prayer. That Syro-Phœnician mother's message to the churches today is — *prayer is power!* Everything with Jesus; less than nothing without Him! Two things our churches must do if their barrenness is to be exchanged for harvests: The one is to quit the companionship of a self-indulgent, corrupting "world;" for as long as the world has influence on Christians they will gain none on the world. The other is to come into closer companionship with Christ Jesus — closer in clean, godly living; closer in self-sacrifice; closer in love-labors for the salvation of souls. Then the "close grup" in prayer will bring down the sought-for blessings.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

REV. GEORGE ELLIOTT, D. D.

THERE is a story of exceeding beauty in the Acts of the Apostles, which tells how Peter healed a cripple "at the Gate of the temple which is called Beautiful." It was a beautiful deed, done in a beautiful way, and the story is full of beautiful lessons.

The Beautiful Gate teaches us that God's house should be beautiful. Upon it should be lavished all the loving skill and art of the world. Such was the temple of old, and such should our temples of worship be; for God loves beauty, and has showered it freely on all His works. Beauty is everywhere a footprint of His presence, and a witness to His being and character, whose is all the loveliness of flower or star, all the grace of the forest, and all the sublimity of mountain and sea.

All beauty is a gate to God — a gate through which the devout spirit may pass into the temple of holiness. This is true both of natural beauty which tells of a Divine Artist, or of the beauty of art in which man expresses his dream of an ideal. It is a testimony to the higher needs of the soul. I have an appetite in my eye and ear as well as in my palate. Wherever beauty glows, or forms are fair, or color throbs, or music weaves its mystic charm, there is a door to God if we but knew it. Nature and Art are gateways to Spirit, more elaborately decorated than any portal of the temple of old.

The cripple is typical of our humanity lying helpless outside the gates of God. It is a strange and striking contrast — the deformed and helpless invalid and the Gate of Beauty. But it is true to life. Man, the climax of creation, who most enjoys its beauty, is the one creature who most fills the world with ugliness and deformity. He poisons its rivers, destroys its forests, defiles its purity, and turns its native loveliness into hideous wastes. Close beside the beauty of nature, the



glory of art, the splendor of science, and the majesty of empire, go on the misery and martyrdom of man. Not only in the slums of cities, or in the barbarism of the forest, but everywhere man is the one deformed thing in God's universe, lying helpless at the gates of Beauty, but outside.

Man cannot be healed by beauty. There was nothing in the exquisite art of the gate or the grandeur of the temple to restore him. He was not wholly helpless; he was not blind, but could see the delicate tracery of the graven lilies, and feast his eyes on the pleasant panorama of the circling hills; he was not deaf, but could hear the temple choirs as they sang antiphonally Israel's songs of praise; he was not dumb, but could lift his voice in petition for alms. Yet all this made him no better. Beauty does not heal; it has no power to restore the lost glory of our lives. The gospel of culture cannot redeem man.

Why did he stay outside the gate? He could see and hear, but did he really do so? What if, covetous of coins, he had lost all sense of the holy place and was no more sensitive to its entrancing loveliness? The love of the world often closes the soul to God's witness of beauty. There was healing at the gate, if he could only have realized it; for it is in and out of the gates of the kingdom that flow all the streams of healing for man's wretchedness and weakness. In the Cathedral at Antwerp hangs one of the greatest religious paintings of the world, Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," one which few eyes can behold without the swift tribute of tears. But all around the walls of the church are built the most wretched booths and stalls for cheap trade. So men plant their filthy tents against the very walls of the city of God, and care not for the glory of the pictured Christ within the gates.

The use of beauty is just to make us long for more, to lead us from the outside through the Beautiful gates into His house of grace and glory. Beauty leads to beauty. The temple's gate leads into the temple itself; as in the case of the cripple, into Solomon's porch, rich with holy memories of a splendid past, and of the presence and words of Jesus. There is a view in the Interlaken valley from what is called the *Heimweh Fluh*, or the Homesick Hill, where many travelers take their last look on some of the sublimest mountain scenery of earth — the Rosa range with its pyramids of alabaster whiteness, the great snowy dome of Monte Rosa, the Jungfrau in her radiant robes of dazzling purity, and the Matterhorn cleaving the sky like a wedge. At sunset, in the rosy flush of the Alpine glow, it is like a glimpse of the New Jerusalem. The beauty is so great as often to oppress the soul with a feeling akin to homesickness. So does the vision of the beauty of this world sometimes make us homesick for heaven. Earth's flowers bring dreams of those that grow in fadeless beauty in the garden of God; the rustling of the leaves of earth reminds us of the trees that grow on the banks of the river; rippling waters here only dimly echo the musical murmur of the stream clear as crystal that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb; earth's mountains lift our eyes to the hills of jasper beyond the river of Death.

All other beauty only types Him who

is the open way to God. Jesus says, "I am the door, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Fair above all earthly dreams of beauty is the "Altogether Lovely," our supreme gate to God and heaven. By the power of His name and in the strength of His salvation, arise, O ye crippled souls, and come leaping and rejoicing into the courts of God!

Pottsville, Pa.

## NEW YORK LETTER

"HOLLAND."

OCEAN GROVE is in full swing. The great bell is hourly summoning the throngs to prayer and worship. The leaders, whose faces are as familiar as the family portraits at home, are in their accustomed places. Bishop FitzGerald, with the ominous suggestions of the General Conference as to the use of episcopal time sounding in his ears, still has charge of the many services. Dr. O'Hanlon, as in the past, is expounding the Scriptures to a large Bible class. And, Evangelist Yatman is home again, flushed with the triumphs of a thousand fields. He has labored in Africa, Australia, China, India, the Sandwich Islands, and other places too numerous to mention. The papers say that he has "made many converts;" but Yatman doesn't "make converts," he simply leads people to the Saviour. In bringing his hearers to the point of decision he has conspicuous ability and success. A host of friends have greeted him and are enjoying his manifold ministries.

New York does much for its poor during the hot months of summer; not much, perhaps, considering the boundless need, but considerable nevertheless. It is remarkable how this special phase of philanthropic work has grown in recent years. Few are aware of the extent to which the wretched children in particular are given living breaths of God's invigorating air. And the tired mothers are not forgotten, either. It cheers the heart to know that every summer more attention is being given to this branch of Christian effort. The church or religious organization which does not now attempt something of the sort, is the exception; and what is there which so appeals to the consciences and purses of the people as the cry of enfeebled children and patient, sad-eyed mothers? The *Tribune's* "Fresh Air Fund" is too well known to need scarcely a reference. The efforts of this paper have contributed largely to the general movement in behalf of those whose eyes have never seen waving cornfields, or even ordinary, every-day green grass, and into whose nostrils has come only fetid air. Many children from our Methodist Sunday-schools are sent through this fund.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor carries on a work which, while not as well known, is blessed to the good of thousands. It gives a series of daily excursions, excepting Saturday and Sunday, to the seashore during these two hottest months. There were forty-seven of these excursions last summer, with an average attendance of 350, or nearly 17,000 in all. For the day's enjoyment at Sea Breeze all sorts of games are provided — balls, swings, dolls, pict-

ure-books, and plenty of bathing suits, the ocean of course being the chief attraction. Only the older children are allowed to go into the water, and these are under the charge of a bathing master; but the smaller ones are encouraged to wade in the edge of the surf, carefully watched over by the nurses and older children.

Another feature of this Sea Breeze work is the home with accommodations for about 250 persons, where worn-out mothers and babies are given a ten-days' vacation, which means help to take care of children, meals all prepared, and by other hands than their own, no dishes to wash — in short, a temporary relief from the grinding routine of cheerless lives.

Among our Methodist organizations a very creditable work along this line is done by the Five Points Mission, the Deaconess Home, and that wonderfully active Eleventh Street Church, of which Rev. E. L. Fox is the pastor. Each of these maintains a home, one by the sea, the others among the hills.

The public school system of New York is getting to be a very creditable institution. A recent feature is invested with great interest to those who are concerned for the poor. I refer to the play schools for the vacation period. Last summer thirty schools were in operation, and the results were such as to warrant an increase in the number this summer. The play centres are placed so as to reach the densest population, and are classified thus: Thirty-one school play-grounds; thirty-one libraries, with reading-rooms and quiet games; five kindergarten tents; five outdoor gymnasia; three Central Park kindergarten grounds; six recreation piers; seven roof gardens; ten swimming baths; six evening play centres, with gymnasium, games, books and club work. All this has been arranged on the theory that every national system of education should make provision for play; but play is not the all and in all. Starting with the play instinct of children, and keeping it prominently in view, the teachers undertake a system of physical training and character building which must be productive of good. The real intent of these schools can be seen from the suggestions given to the play teachers from time to time: "Do not preach to the children, but be sure you practice and suggest the Golden Rule." "To do a kindness to a child is good, but to get him to do a kindness for you will have a greater influence upon him." "The swing affords many opportunities to teach unselfishness. Always commend the child who gives his seat to another." "In connection with the seesaw teach gentleness." "In checkers, dominoes, chess and crokinole seek to organize teams and to prevent cheating." It will readily be seen what possibilities there are in these and many similar suggestions. The projectors of the scheme are enthusiastic over its success, but not less so the children.

The New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society has entered upon the thirty-ninth year of its work with very flattering prospects of success. Dr. North, its efficient corresponding secretary, has good reasons to be encouraged and optimistic. The work he has been doing



these eight years is bearing fruit. It is conceded, I think, that there is no better-informed, more competent, virile worker in the fields of city evangelization. He has good knowledge of the situation here, as his annual report shows.

During the thirty-four years of its corporate existence the Society of which he is the administrative officer, has raised \$1,500,000, in addition to a million raised by the churches under its charge toward their own support. That is a good showing, but the coming years will see much greater gifts. The amount expended this last year was more than forty thousand dollars. This does not include the amount contributed by several large-hearted laymen for the so-called "Forward Movement," a fund administered by a committee of this Society. For this special purpose about \$18,500 was raised during the past twelve months, nearly two-thirds being appropriated to the Metropolitan parish, and the balance to East Side churches, such as Eleventh Street, Sixty-first Street, and Cornell Memorial. The work which is done in these churches does not attract as much attention, but is quite as important and commendable, as that of any other parish. Altogether Methodism has made decided progress this year.

### THE VALUE OF GOOD CHEER

REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D. D.

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. — PSALM 32: 7.

WHY "songs of deliverance?" Why not "deliverance" itself? Because the best way to deliver a man from calamity is to put a song in his heart. There are some who sink under their calamity, and there are some who swim through it. I think you will find that the difference between these lies in the comparative amount of their previous cheer. The balance generally turns on their hearing or not hearing of yesterday's song. They who have the song already in their heart pass over the Red Sea; they who have heard no previous music are submerged in the wave. We speak of the physical strength for bearing an operation. Are we aware how much of the strength required is not physical? I had a letter lately from one at a far distance. She was about to undergo a severe physical operation. She stated the day and hour when it was to take place. She said she would like at that day and hour to have the knowledge that some one was thinking of her, that some one was praying for her, that some one was, spiritually, holding her hand. She recovered. Will anybody say that the strength by which she bore the strain was purely physical? Will anybody say that the song in the heart went for nothing? In any crisis moment I should say it would turn the scale. Sometimes my physical chances seem equally balanced between life and death. At such moments a previous song in the heart will give the vote for the prolonging of my days.

My Father, compass me with Thy songs! It is not the songs *after* the battle that I ask; my own heart will give me these. What I need is a song *before* the battle. I can easily get the song of Moses; what I require is the song of the Lamb. The song of Moses came *after* the triumph; it was the psalm of victory. But the song of the Lamb is *previous* to the conflict. It was sung ere Gethsemane was entered. It preceded the hour of sacrifice. Before the sweat-drops fell, before the struggle woke, before the perils of the night arose, Thou didst send to Jesus Thy voice from heaven — Thy prom-

ise of glory. Thou didst compass Him before the battle with songs of deliverance. He took a light with Him into the valley. Not joyless did He meet the foe. He stood by the warm fire ere He went out into the cold. He felt the pressure of a hand ere He faced the silence. Thy song was with Him in the night; it waited not for morning. The flower got into the heart earlier than the thorn, and it deadened the thorn. Be mine this song of the Lamb — this song before deliverance! The song of Moses can be delayed till the conflict is over; but I cannot dispense with that other music — the song *before* the sacrifice — the song of the Lamb. — *Christian World*.

### SIDE GLANCES AT THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

"ARGUS."

AT a recent meeting of the Seattle Methodist Preachers' Meeting the theological teachings of Professor Mitchell were discussed, and a committee appointed to procure his books and examine them carefully for the purpose of ascertaining exactly what he teaches, and whether or not his views harmonize with the essentials of Methodist theology. Also a member of the meeting was delegated to carefully consider the value, as evidence, of the claims made by the students who withdrew. In brief, the brethren of Seattle have assumed the task of trying Prof. Mitchell for heresy, for that is exactly what their action means, whether they have really said so or not. It gives "Argus" great pleasure, however, to say that the Seattle brethren have exhibited no feeling about the matter further than that they are exceedingly jealous for the safety of Methodist theology, and fear that Prof. Mitchell has strayed a long way from the faith of the fathers. Hence the care taken to ascertain exactly what the Professor holds to be the truth concerning Old Testament inspiration and the Deity of Christ. Possibly it will interest the friends of Prof. Mitchell to know that the so-called "traditional" view is quite strongly held in the Pacific Northwest by others than the Seattle preachers. The Portland brethren have ventilated higher criticism, and are of the opinion that it is a dangerous "ism." In company with those of Spokane, Tacoma and Seattle, they distrust the spirit of freedom and investigation which is being manifested in other institutions besides that of the Boston University School of Theology. They look upon it as "incipient infidelity," "German rationalism in disguise," "Unitarianism," and particularly dangerous to the "good old-fashioned orthodox faith of John Wesley and the early Methodists of America." There is no disposition to charge the representatives of the new theology with guile, but there is a very decided feeling that they have allowed their speculative faculties to gain a dangerous power over reason and faith, and thus cause them to give more attention to philosophical sophistries than to the development of a comprehensive system of Biblical, soul-saving theology. The critics of the "higher critics" in this section feel that an injury is being done to the church, and that they must do something to avert what they believe to be an approaching calamity. It is possible, however, that a better understanding could be brought about by a more specific definition of terms. Often a higher critic and a traditionalist will be one in heart and practice, and yet differ lamentably, simply because certain important words do not represent the same ideas to both minds.

An amusing controversy has arisen over the management of the *Pacific Christian*

*Advocate*. It appears that soon after the adjournment of the General Conference a meeting of the Book Committee was held to arrange for the adjustment of the publishing interests of the church, and among other things the management of the *Pacific Advocate* was transferred from the Eastern to the Western House. This action at once called forth a protest from Dr. Eaton, who insisted that such a change by the Book Committee was illegal. Just where the illegality came in is unknown to "Argus." The editor had run up the "Jennings & Pye" flag, and is now waiting for further instructions on the question of management. The Book Committee also provided Dr. Fisher with a very talented assistant. A resolution was adopted directing the editor to proceed with the publication of the paper in co-operation with Bishop Cranston, the resident Bishop. Dr. Fisher, therefore, enjoys the distinction of being the only Methodist editor who has a real live Bishop for an assistant. When the publishers determine who shall control the paper, we shall look for an energetic campaign — provided, of course, that the Western House is not obliged to order its flag lowered. There is reason to believe that Dr. Jennings will inaugurate an aggressive policy that will make the *Advocate* a better paper than it has ever been under the Eastern House. It is a little singular how tenaciously the Eastern House has held on to the Pacific Coast business, when by all rights it belonged under the control of the Western. Possibly it is due to the honored observance of precedent — to do a thing because somebody in the past did it, or because it has always been done that way — which, by the way, is a conclusive argument with many people. Perhaps that was why Dr. Eaton cried "illegal." Many years ago, when New York did business with the coast by way of Cape Horn, it was natural that the New York House should manage the Pacific Coast business. But that reason long ago ceased to exist; and yet the Eastern House has tenaciously held on to the Pacific Coast publishing interests. The General Conference has disturbed this arrangement, and what the Conference left undone, the Book Committee finished at one stroke. Soon after the committee meeting, Dr. Eaton, Dr. Jennings and A. E. Dunn visited the coast to adjust the publishing business. It is thought a final announcement will be made in August regarding the *Pacific Advocate*.

Bishop Cranston and family have reached Portland, their episcopal residence, and are enjoying the delights of receptions, etc. The Bishop will devote July and August to catching up with his correspondence and attending meetings within the bounds of his territory. He has already received many pressing invitations to assist in debt-paying séances, and will probably respond, as that is the chief business of the resident Bishop. It was unfortunate for the interests of the Pacific Northwest that Bishop Cranston was not permitted to remain here in place of being sent to China three years ago. He had just aroused many of the churches to undertake a forward movement, and his presence was needed to stimulate them on to victory. He will now be able to take up this work and go on with it, and will undoubtedly inspire other churches to believe that their condition is not hopeless.

Dr. Willmot Whitfield has tendered his resignation as president of Puget Sound University, and it has been accepted by the trustees. His successor has not been elected yet. In arranging for the future of this institution Mr. G. F. Johnson was elected financial agent. It is a wise se-



lection, as Mr. Johnson is a very capable business man. He visited the General Conference and gathered up money and influence for the school. During the summer he will devote his time to canvassing for students and money. He believes in seeing one person at a time, and when he is through "seeing" them, the university is generally ahead something in the way of either cash, a subscription, or good-will. Dr. Whitfield has done faithful work, and will leave the school in far better condition than it was when he undertook the management. Among other things he secured \$10,000 in endowment.

Reference to this University naturally introduces the whole subject of education in the Northwest. There are now only two Methodist schools in a Methodist population of about 30,000—the Willamette University and the Puget Sound University, the former at Salem, Ore., and the latter at Tacoma. The school at Portland was compelled to surrender the struggle, although much heroic work was done to save it. Dr. Hawley of Willamette has resigned the presidency, and a new president will probably be engaged in time for the fall term. A special committee was at the General Conference in search of a new president for this institution, but no announcement has been made of a selection.

A New England educational institution will feel the inspiration of the life and energy that prevail in the Northwest because its principal made a flying trip through the Puget Sound country recently. It was none other than Dr. Bragdon of Lasell Seminary at Auburndale. In company with Mrs. Bragdon he had been to California to attend the wedding of his son. On the return trip they passed through Oregon and western Washington, and enjoyed the rare privilege of seeing the mountains in all their glory of evergreen and snow. Fortunately the weather was clear and cool, and the vision unobstructed by smoke or mist. A day in Seattle enabled them to view the scenic attractions abounding there, and to see the lofty peaks of the Cascades, clear from Mt. Baker on the north to Mt. Rainier on the south. The Olympics, also, the rugged range between the sound and the coast, with their mysterious and unexplored depths, were sharply outlined on the western sky. All this they saw, and more.

Dr. P. A. Cool, pastor of First Church, Spokane, is a very successful manager of church finances, and in the exercise of his skill has put the property of that church in excellent condition. "Argus" has been initiated into the mysteries of Dr. Cool's management, and will herewith explain the method used in hopes that it may be helpful to others who have difficulty in getting money for church purposes. He has a "business manager," just the same as a paper or university has a business manager, charged with duties entirely distinct from those of the teacher or editor. The business manager of the Spokane church is pastor of an outside charge which does not require all of his time. He is paid a salary for being an assistant to Dr. Cool. He attends to all collections, and thus relieves the trustees, stewards, benevolent committees, and the pastor of all such work. He gets the money, and therefore the method is considered successful. While a paid assistant to look after financial matters is a good thing, there is great danger of demoralizing the lay workers by relieving them of this responsibility and thus making it harder for other pastors who may not be able to secure the services of a good "business manager." Dr. Marlatt, now of

Pennsylvania, who was pastor of First Church, Tacoma, for five years, organized the lay collector system, which he developed to such a high degree of perfection that the system almost worked itself after the first year. It seems, however, that each pastor must use his own methods in raising money; and—happy is the man who has a system that will get the cash!

### What Is Good?

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood.  
"Order," said the law court;  
"Knowledge," said the school;  
"Truth," said the wise man;  
"Pleasure," said the fool;  
"Love," said the maiden;  
"Beauty," said the page;  
"Freedom," said the dreamer;  
"Home," said the sage;  
"Fame," said the soldier;  
"Equity," said the seer.  
Spake my heart full sadly:  
"The answer is not here."  
Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
"Each heart holds the secret:  
Kindness is the word."

— John Boyle O'Reilly.

### AMERICANS OUT-OF-DOORS

THERE has been, perhaps, no more striking change in the habits of Americans during the last twenty-five years than the immense extension of their out-of-door interests and activities. A generation ago the number of men engaged in business life who took any form of recreation was so small that it was hardly calculable. Men of fortune were comparatively few, and the country was given over to steady-going, persistent, hard work. Today more work and harder work is being done than ever before; but the men who are doing the work are in very large numbers also the men who are seeking and finding health and recreation in all manner of outdoor activities. A generation ago a business man took his vacation, if he took it at all, with reluctance, regarding it as a kind of unlawful pleasure; today he takes it, not only as pleasure, but as business duty. In many cases he takes a day out of each week during the season which permits him to be out-of-doors. As a result, he is a stronger man than his father was, he bears heavier responsibilities, and does more work.

In every branch of business conditions have changed. Responsibilities are very much heavier and risks very much greater than they were a generation ago. Business enterprises have grown immensely in magnitude, and the men who direct them are carrying titanic loads on their shoulders. They are able to carry these loads and to direct these great enterprises because they have learned that the secret of health is abundance, of play, and that the only way to carry successfully the colossal burdens of modern business is to give a large amount of time to recreation. Many leaders in the world of finance are conspicuous devotees of golf, yachting, wheeling, and hunting; they take their outdoor recreation with as much regularity as they attend to their business affairs; and they do this because they have discovered, what our ancestors did not know, that the ability to do heavy work continuously depends on recurring intervals of rest and change.

It is estimated that men work, on an average, ten years longer than they worked fifty years ago; in other words, life has been extended a full decade. But life is not to be measured by mere duration of time; it is to be measured by intensity; and it is very certain that, from this point of view, men live today as they have never lived before in the history of the world. It is

true that a great many men are living too intensely, and that many are over-working; but it is also true that there has been a great gain in the fuller evolution of individual energy which modern life has brought about. Few men work up to their full capacity; few generations have worked up to their full capacity. Some men are today working beyond this limit, but, as a rule, men have not yet reached it. There is more to be gotten out of life than men, as a rule, have hitherto taken, because they have not put forth their full strength. Society during the last generation has been energized in a hundred different ways; it has responded to the facilities offered by new mechanical appliances, supplementing the senses in marvelous ways, to new fields of knowledge, to the opening of new continents, to the reconstruction of thought along innumerable lines; to the vitalization of religion, philosophy, and art, by reason of deeper and more vital conception of their origin and relationships. All these larger physical, material, and spiritual opportunities have evoked the sleeping energy of the race, and men are living far more intensely because they are more fully responding to the invitations to live.

With this intenser life, and as part of it, has come the new interest in nature, the passion for health, the love of out-of-door living. The American people have come out of their houses and taken to the fields and woods; and they weigh more, have larger frames, better complexions, and far more vigorous health than their predecessors of fifty years ago. The physical character of the people has radically changed for the better. There is vastly more variety, more freedom, in dress and habit. Men are no longer clad in the monotonous dreariness of black broadcloth.

There has been a great liberation of the spirit. It is true that this liberation is not without its perils. Some men have suffered themselves to revert to paganism and have become mere worshipers of the body. They have substituted the gold field for the church, and they have gained physical health at the expense of spiritual growth. But every opportunity brings its responsibility, and every new stage of development its perils. The men who have been intoxicated by this new sense of liberty are small in number and unimportant compared with those to whom it has brought vigor and health; time, which, in the end, adjusts men to every new condition, will eventually adjust society to this larger liberty. Out-of-door life means a great deal more than physical health; it means moral and intellectual sanity. There are many evidences that we are passing through one of those periods of nervous sensitiveness of which there are many records in the history of the past; when men and women of sensitive but not vigorous natures are swept hither and thither by all manner of cross-currents, become victims of delusions, and are carried away by all kinds of strange doctrine, old and new. It is an age of fads; an epoch of many mild insanities in religion, philosophy, and sociology. Society is devastated by resurrected faiths, by crude and cheap philosophies. These are the inevitable concomitants of the great stir which in every department has made this century so stimulating and has enriched every field of knowledge. In such a time sanity is of the first importance, and vigorous out-of-door life would save a great many people from the excesses, eccentricities, and unrealities of faith and practice into which they have fallen. The open sky, the woods, and the fields have a marvelously sedative influence. It is a time for fresh air and the smell of the earth. — Outlook.



## THE FAMILY

## A STORM ON THE COAST

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The gale is furious. Lo! the Atlantic  
rolls,  
Scouring in its fury all the sands and  
shoals;  
Boiling and heaving till the headlands  
there  
Seem to shrink back and cower in despair.  
Across that boundless field of blinding  
spray  
No feathered terror dares to seek his prey.

No sign of life is seen save, darting by,  
Like flashing meteor o'er a midnight sky,  
A single gull rides with the mighty blast,—  
Fades like a speck in depths so black and  
vast.

This is old Ocean buffeting the strand,  
Yet held since creation in God's hollowed  
hand!

East Lempster, N. H.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Man is no star, but a quick coal  
Of mortal fire;  
Who blows it not, nor doth control  
A faint desire,  
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

— George Herbert.

Old friends are best. King James used to  
call for his old shoes; they were easiest for  
his feet. — John Selden.

That fruit which to man's apprehension is  
blown down green and untimely, is gath-  
ered full ripe in God's providence. —  
Thomas Fuller.

Oh, the littleness of the lives that we are  
living! Oh, the way in which we fail to  
comprehend, or, when we do comprehend,  
deny to ourselves the bigness of that thing  
which it is to be a man, to be a child of  
God! — Phillips Brooks.

To some most true and faithful lives the  
divine word never comes with any rapture  
or ecstasy at all, but only like "daily  
bread" — a simple, quiet faith, arming the  
soul for duty, and keeping it unshaken be-  
fore all danger. — George S. Merriam.

The slope of the valley of trouble is ever  
upwards. Never mind how dark the  
shadow of death which stretches across it  
is; never mind how black it may look  
ahead, or how frowning the rocks; from  
between their narrowest gorge you may  
see, if you will, the guide whom God has  
sent you; and that angel of hope will light  
up all the darkness, and will only fade  
away when she is lost in the seven-fold  
brightness of that upper land, whereof our  
God himself is Sun and Moon — the true  
Canaan, to whose everlasting mountains  
the steep way of life has climbed at last,  
through valleys of trouble and of weeping  
and of the shadow of death. — Alexander  
MacLaren, D. D.

It is a pitiful sign of destitution and im-  
providence when one willingly depends  
upon others for common necessities, and  
when life has nothing but what is brought  
to it, being without resources within.  
There should be a reserve for time of need,  
when neighborly offices fail. Cisterns are  
filled from above, if conductors are fur-  
nished for the rain from heaven. So every  
one may have sources of refreshment, and  
supplies that shall defend him against lone-

liness and despondency, when outside  
helps are cut off. There are countless  
neighborly interchanges that cheer the  
way, and cups of cold water are given by  
friendly hands, but not all daily needs can  
be ministered unto by others, nor can that  
which gives refreshment to one be at the  
disposal of another. Don't depend upon  
neighbors for everything. "Drink waters  
out of thine own cistern." — Julia H. John-  
ston.

It is not strange that now and then the  
harpstrings snap as they are being drawn  
tight enough for some master's hand to call  
from them the sweetest harmony. Notes  
that angels might listen to, and which thrill  
all human hearts, come from heartstrings  
quivering with pain. The very Captain of  
our salvation must be made perfect through  
suffering before He could bring many sons  
unto glory. "Even though He were a Son,  
He learned obedience through the things  
which He suffered." This blessed sacra-  
ment of suffering conveys the needed  
graces of discipline, and affords the oppor-  
tunities of service, even though it be  
broken to us, as it was to our Lord and  
His apostles, by the hands of wicked men.  
They know not what they do who drive the  
cruel nails and thrust the thirsty spear.  
They may mean it for evil, but our God  
overrules it for good. It is the triumph at  
once of suffering and of grace to be able to  
say with Stephen — his face shining like an  
angel's — "Lord, lay not this sin to their  
charge." — BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, in  
"Skilled Labor for the Master."

The cares of this life, unless they are kept  
continually in the second place, will eat as  
doth a canker; they will poison everything  
spiritual within you; they will dry up all  
the springs of your religious feelings; they  
will wither every blossom that may have  
appeared. O the seeds that God doth plant  
are very tender! They will not bear the  
crowding and the jostling of ten thousand  
earthly schemes; they must have the best  
place in your affections; the broadest, sun-  
niest spot within your heart, or else they  
will most surely perish. Think not to tell  
me that you have so much anxiety about  
your families, your husbands, your wives,  
your food, your clothing, your neighbors —  
so many troubles of an earthly nature —  
that you cannot think so much of heaven as  
you desire, but you hope some time to have  
a better opportunity. It will not do. This  
is the poorest, commonest excuse of all.  
There never was an *almost-Christian* who  
did not find out he had some peculiar diffi-  
culties which no one else experienced. Be  
sure your cares will never cease; it is the  
cup which every man must drink. O go to  
Christ at once, and take your cares with  
you, and lay them all on Him! The more  
trials you have in this world, the more you  
should be looking to the world to come. —  
Bishop Ryle.

Look at the wonderful manner in which  
God our Father has contrived a supply for  
the thirst of His children in hot countries.  
He has placed amid the burning sands of  
Africa a plant whose leaf, twisted round  
like a cruet, is always filled with a large  
glassful of fresh water. The gullet of this  
cruet is shut by the end of the leaf itself so  
as to prevent the water from evaporating.  
In the same hot land God has planted a  
great tree, called Boa by the natives, the  
trunk of which is of great size and hollowed  
like a cistern. In the rainy seasons it is  
filled with water, which continues fresh and  
cool in the greatest heats, by means of the  
tuffed foliage which crowns its summit. In  
some of the parched and rocky islands of  
the West Indies there is found a tree, called  
the Water Lianmo, so full of sap that if you

cut a single branch of it as much water  
pours forth as a man could drink at one  
draught, and it is perfectly pure and good.  
Is not God a loving Father thus to provide  
for His children's wants? — *The Quiver*.

It seems but yesterday,  
I begged to stay

And play,  
A little moment more.  
The sun was scarcely down,  
The busy town  
Not hushed yet from the labors of the day;  
It seemed too soon to put  
The toys away.

Today, an older child,  
I stand  
Upon the edge of Spirit Land,  
And watch the shadows fall.  
Father, again I pray  
To stay.  
It seems too soon to put  
Earth's joys away!

— Ethel Patterson Wright.

O God, who hast given us hours of ease  
and recreation in the midst of labor, and  
rest along the way of pilgrimage, we thank  
thee for Thy fatherly care in even these our  
lesser needs. Help us to use our relaxa-  
tions with quiet and cheerful hearts, gain-  
ing the best from pleasure as we strive to  
make the most of work. Help us to choose  
wisely, that our amusements may not cause  
us to offend against Thy law of charity.  
May we never be so much absorbed in life's  
diversions that the thought of Thee shall  
come as interruption to our joy, or that we  
shall cease to love our neighbor as ourself.  
And may all release from work prepare us  
to return to it with alert and strengthened  
power of attention and accomplishment. —  
Amen. — *Congregationalist*.

## THE SINGING LEAVES

MRS. S. E. KENNEDY.

"Then deep in the greenwood rode he,  
And asked of every tree:  
'Oh, if you have ever a singing leaf,  
I pray you give it me!'"

"But the trees all kept their counsel,  
And never a word said they,  
Only there sighed from the pine-tops  
A music of seas far away."

I cannot think that the trees will all keep  
their counsel if we penetrate their haunts  
in the spirit of loving inquiry, or, like  
Lowell's princess, ask only for a simple  
fairing. Our poet has given us a pretty  
picture of simplicity in the midst of splen-  
dor, teaching that "pearls and diamonds  
great" have little to do with real joy of  
heart. When the king asked his daugh-  
ters three what he should bring them from  
Vanity Fair, his brow flushed with angry  
scorn at the answer of his "least daugh-  
ter":

"There came a bird this morning,  
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,  
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,  
'Ask thou for the singing leaves.'" "

To his eldest, who had chosen silk and  
gems, he said:

"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,  
And chosen as ye were born,

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,  
That is happy binding the sheaves;  
Then he saw her dead mother in her  
face,  
And said, 'Thou shalt have thy  
leaves.'" "

But there were no singing leaves to be  
bought at Vanity Fair, and even the trees



of the greenwood had no message for such as he, for it is only with those whose hearts are filled with love that the God of nature holds converse.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page  
That would win both hose and shoon,  
And will bring to me the singing  
leaves  
If they grow under the moon?"

"Then lightly turned him Walter the page  
By the stirrup as he ran:  
Now pledge you the truesome word  
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first  
thing  
You meet at your castle-gate,  
And the Princess shall get her singing  
leaves  
Or mine be a traitor's tale."

And so the princess got her singing  
leaves, which told her of the love of one  
whose song was his only heritage.

"She brought to him her beauty and truth  
But and broad earldoms three,  
And he made her queen of the broader  
lands  
He held of his lute in fee."

It is to these "broader lands" that you and I lay claim when, like Walter the page, we prove our right by the power of song; not necessarily songs with words, or even tunes, but the true music of the heart which overflows in love toward God and every creature which He has made. To such the "pattering aspen" and every leaf of the greenwood answers in varied notes of melody "at the wind's will" and your own mood; for, as Wilson Flagg tells us: "Among the thousand strings which are swept by the winds there is always a chord in unison with our feelings."

To those interested in legendary lore the trembling aspen sings of sympathy with the sufferings of our Divine Master. Some say that His betrayer hung himself upon the elder, but, according to an old author, the genus *Cercis* furnished the hated tree. The species known in cultivation as the Red-bud, bearing showy clusters of red-purple flowers and heart-shaped leaves, is the nearest found here.

It is the way of the wind to sing low, sweet songs among the branches of the hemlock and fir — tender requiems above our sleeping loved ones. Softly, too, does the gentle wind croon among the pines, suggesting a quiet hour to be spent in serious meditation. The hurry and bustle of our active lives leave us too little time for introspection. Should we not be wiser and happier if we took more time to listen to songs like these?

But who would think of musing seriously where the shining birch leaves are dancing merrily to the music of the jocund winds, or of loitering dreamily where shimmering poplars are keeping time to the mirthful "wind's will"? And how gladly do we listen to the idyls of the maples, that sing only of birds and flowers and golden sunshine! But the merriest of all places is the top of the linden tree, not wholly because of its singing leaves, but by reason of the many musicians which live within its ample halls. In my note-book I have it marked the "bee-tree" because during the blossoming season it is literally alive with honey-bees, the music of whose wings reminds one of the voices of many waters. And then the

birds! I never knew why they seem to choose this tree for their homes in preference to others, possibly because of its great height. When the leaves are gone we discover tiny nests perched here and there which were entirely hidden in midsummer.

The stately ash responds in measured cadence to the slow march of the wind through its upreaching branches. One instinctively turns his gaze upward to decide, if he can, whence comes this feeling of repose and comfort. A deep-toned voice from the massive oak speaks only of majesty, of reverence, of awe. Our thoughts are drawn upward to the Giver of all life, and gladly do we remember that we are part of this universal activity, and hush the tumult of our thoughts that we may not lose one note of this grand symphony. There may be burdens in life — we scarcely dare affirm that there are not — but

"This to me is life,  
That if life be a burden, I will join  
To make it the burden of a song."

*Moosup Valley, R. I.*

### THE BLACK PICKLE

I HAD the privilege the other morning, in Newcastle, Pa., to spend several hours in the largest tin-mill in the world. Steel bars are brought in and rolled into plates. When these have come to the proper shape and thinness, they are put through a pickle which is called "the black pickle." This pickle is made of a very strong acid, which cleans off the scales which have been formed on the plates during the heating and rolling necessary to bring them to the proper shape.

After this pickling process the plates are put into great annealing-pans, and are run into a furnace, where they are kept ten or twelve hours at a dull red heat. They are then run through the rolls cold three or four times, after which they are annealed again at a lower temperature, and then they are given what is called "the white pickle," which is not so strong as the first, and is intended to scour and beautify the plates. They are then ready to receive the plating of tin which fits them for their commercial use.

As I watched this very interesting process, it seemed to me that that was very much the way in which God makes men and women into good Christians. We have to go through many a rolling and crushing process humiliating to our pride and self-sufficiency before we can be brought to the proper shape in which God can use us. Then, if there be scales and rough edges which have come to us in the experience of life, God often puts us into a pickle of discipline that brings us out smarting, it may be, from the sharp acid experiences through which we are compelled to pass, but brings us out with many of the little scales and meannesses of life taken away.

Then God has His annealing-pans, where we are compelled day by day to remain in the hard, steady heat of constant toil under the heavy strain of trial; but, if we do not rebel against God's providence, and yield ourselves to it in a submissive spirit, there will come a time when God will put us through the white pickle, and we shall know gentler experiences that are meant to beautify us, and make our characters attractive and gracious, and finally we shall come to be the perfect men and women that He wants us to be.

I picked up one of the tin plates the other morning that had just come out through

the rollers after the bath in the boiling hot tin bath, and was astonished to see that I could behold myself in it as in the best mirror. So God cannot be satisfied with us until, through the chastening and discipline of life, He brings us to such a submissive and flexible and gracious spirit that we bend ourselves with perfect readiness to fulfil His purposes; and our hearts are so purified from all the black scales of self-indulgence and pride and sinful desire that they are a mirror to His blessed face, and He sees His own divine features reflected in our thoughts and ambitions. — REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D., in *Christian Endeavor World*.

### THE BROKEN DROUTH

It seemed to me the forest held its breath, —  
Before some shape, some unapparent  
form

Of fear, approaching with the wings of  
death  
On the impending storm.

Above the big hills, bellying clouds loomed  
black

And ominous, yet silent as the blue  
That pools the calm of summer, deepening  
back

"Twixt clouds of milky hue.

Then instantly, as when a multitude  
Shout riot and war through some tumult-  
uous town,  
Innumerable voices swept the wood  
As wild the wind rushed down.

And fierce and few, as when a strong man  
weeps,

Great rain-drops dashed the dust; and  
overhead,

Ponderous and vast down the prodigious  
deeps,  
Went slow the thunder's tread.

And swift and furious, as when giants  
fence,

The lightning toils of tempest went in-  
sane;

Then far and near sonorous earth grew  
dense

With long sweet sweep of rain.

— MADISON CAWEIN, in *Youth's Com-  
panion*.

### LIDA'S LAZY DAY

GRACE M. AUSTIN.

IT did seem as if Lida Martin had earned the right to be lazy. She had been on the Sunday-school concert committee for Children's Day, and had spent hours over the work. Her final examinations at the high school had been long and taxing. Then after school finished she had faithfully helped her mother to entertain two middle-aged cousins. Now these had taken the afternoon train for home, and as Lida sat down to tea she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Tomorrow is my 'Lazy Day,'" she announced, firmly. "I'm just worn out running around and being polite. I shall stay in bed most of the morning, and then spend the rest of the day in my oldest wrapper, out in the back-plazza hammock. You mustn't one of you so much as ask me what time it is. Now, remember; this is my ultimatum."

At this impressive close there was a general laugh, but her mother answered:—

"You have earned a rest, dear, if any one ever did."

Poor Lida! Instead of sleeping in peace until nine o'clock, as she had hoped, it was scarcely half past six when



she was startled by a loud whang from one side of the house, and a series of hammer-blows on the other side.

"Dear me!" groaned Lida, out of patience. "I might have remembered that Mr. Benton has always had his coal put in on the first of July since the year one. But what can all that hammering be, over at the Maces'?"

The noises continued, or even increased, as it seemed to Lida, and sleep was impossible. When half past seven came she was ready enough to get up to breakfast with the family. Her father pretended great surprise when she appeared.

"What! Has the Sleeping Beauty condescended to waken?"

"Well, it wasn't a prince that did it, papa. Of all dreadful noises! Why, it was worse than the Fourth of July."

"I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Mace said the men would begin today on their new greenhouse," said Mrs. Martin.

"So it will be all bangs for a fortnight!" Lida cried. "I think I would better start for Newport or Saratoga," she added, laughing. "Never mind, I am going to be lazy today. I shall put cotton in my ears, and stay in the hammock all day long."

"Peace to your slumbers!" piped up grammar-school Bobby; and then there was an end of the subject.

Half past eight found Lida well settled in the hammock, a hop pillow under her head, an afghan over her feet, and "Bacon's Essays" in her hand for a sedative. There was a blessed lull from coal-shoveling, and Lida was really getting drowsy about nine o'clock, when her mother came out with a serious face.

"Lida, Willie Evans, your little pet Sunday-school boy, has fallen from a tree and broken his arm. They are going to set it, but he is fretting to see you, and Dr. Wentworth says you would better come over to quiet him for the ether."

Lida jumped from the hammock without a word except: "Poor little fellow!" and was dressed and gone in a short time.

It was not long before she came back, worried and wearied because of the suffering little boy. When she was once more in hammock regalia she shed a few tears on the old hop pillow, from nervousness and sympathy.

"Ring!" went the telephone call in the sitting-room. Why didn't some one answer it? Lida sat up in the hammock, wondering if her mother had gone out.

"Ring! ring!" went the bell. Some one was getting impatient.

"O dear! I'll have to go," thought Lida, and slowly untangled herself from the afghan.

"Hello, who is it?"

"Yes, papa; it is Lida."

"Well, all right. Good-bye."

"Did any one ever!" exclaimed Lida, as she hung up the receiver. "O mamma, where are you? Up stairs? I'll come right up. Papa has just telephoned that a man from Waterford, a manufacturer, has called at the office, and he has invited him to dinner."

Now it was Mrs. Martin's turn to groan.

"O Lida! And I had planned to use that cold corned beef for dinner, with lettuce and cucumbers, and fruit for dessert. It is so hot, and Nora hates to have much

cooking to tend when she is ironing."

"Well, mamma, you telephone for the meat and vegetables, and I'll make the dessert. I guess Nora won't scold; she and I are rather chummy."

So while Mrs. Martin was ordering her lamb and peas, Lida in her wrapper was hurrying around the hot kitchen, and trying to soothe the scowling Nora. When a large glass dish of "floating islands" was ready to be placed in the refrigerator, Lida peeped into the cake-box, and her heart sank. Only a few broken pieces were to be seen! Lida tried the oven; it was almost too hot, but it would have to do. Some cake must be made, at all events. Just as the pan of dough was ready to go in, Nora set an iron down heavily on the stove, and held another to her cheek to try its heat.

"Nora, dear," began Lida, mildly, "would it hinder you dreadfully to stop ironing until my cake comes out? I'm almost sure it will make it fall to have the irons jarring."

"Sure, an' yer can't have yer white piqué waist tonight, as yer wanted it thin, Miss Lidle. F'what wid this extry cugin' an' all, it makes it pretty hard for the likes o' me."

"That's so," said Lida, soberly, "and I ought to help you some if I keep hindering you. Now just let that waist go, and I'll iron it myself after dinner. I truly will, Nora. You know I ironed a lot last summer when you had your vacation."

"Yer may, for all I cares. Sure I'm not in luv wid ironin' it, at all, at all."

The oven was so hot that Lida had an anxious half-hour with her sponge-cake, but it was done at last in excellent condition. Then helping Nora with the peas, arranging the dining-room, and dressing for dinner so filled the rest of the morning that there was not a minute for Lida to even look at the hammock.

The dinner lasted some time, for the guest was very entertaining with jokes and anecdotes, but when at last he was gone, Lida appeared in the kitchen once more in wrapper array for a hot hour of ironing. The irons stuck to the cloth, and every plait and puff bothered her, so that it seemed a long time before she hung the garment on the bars and fairly dropped into the hammock.

"Where's Lida? Lida!" sounded through the house in Bobby's shrill tones. Tired Lida hid her head in the soothing hop-pillow and did not answer, but it was of no use. Out came Bobby in an exceedingly hurry.

"Say, sis, I want you to come this minute an' make a sign for our Wild West Show. Course you needn't make it careful like those mottoes you made for the concert, but we do want a big sign awfully, an' we want it quick."

Lida counted twenty before she answered, for she felt much tempted to positively decline his request. But the sight of his eager face was too much for her.

"Dear chap!" she said, with a vain attempt to kiss him, and they went upstairs to the old playroom, hot under a July sun. There a half-hour was spent in contriving a remarkable signboard.

Once more Lida returned to her hammock haven, but now thick clouds had covered the sun, and growls of thunder were heard, increasing each moment.

"Lida! Lida!" called her mother. "How often I have told you not to stay out when a shower is coming!"

"But this is miles away," said Lida, sleepily, made drowsy by the heaviness of the air and her toils.

"Lida, do not stop to talk. Come in this moment!"

Mrs. Martin was constitutionally timid in a thunder-shower, and it was always Lida's part to entertain her mother and help her through her frightened time. So she went in and rallied her forces to read an interesting story, and tell another when it grew too dark to read. The shower was brief as it was severe, and soon the sun was shining again.

"O Miss Lidle!" said Nora at the parlor door, in a doleful tone. "Shure an' all the milk is sour intirely from the thunder, an' f'what shall we do for tay? Me futs be that sore from ironin' that I'm most kilt, an' nivver kin I walk to the dayry."

"I'll go," laughed Lida. "I might as well finish my day." To reach the dairy her way led along Fairmount Avenue, the finest street of the city, so she was obliged to dress again. She did not hasten, and tea was nearly ready when she came back. As they sat down her father turned to her and said, smiling:

"How has our lazy girl enjoyed the day?"

"Very much, papa," Lida answered. "Still, I think I shall announce a 'Busy Day' the next time I want to rest."

"At any rate, you have helped other people to rest," Mrs. Martin added, giving Lida's hand a loving pat.

Washington, D. C.

### THE MOTHER

A little ring of gold — a battered shoe —  
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair —  
Some penciled pictures — playthings one or two —  
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,  
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,  
Though bearded lips are often hers to kiss  
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow  
That arches over eyes of manly blue  
Mean all joy to her living memory now,  
And yet — and yet — she hugs the other, too,

With that rare love, mysterious and deep,  
Down in a mother's heart through all the years,  
That placid age can never lull to sleep  
And is not grief, yet oft brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view,  
And finger the wee treasures hidden there —  
To touch the little ring and battered shoe,  
And kiss the curling wisp of yellow hair!

— New York Press.

### Tribute to Frances Willard

LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S tribute to Miss Willard at the recent World's W. C. T. U. Convention in Edinburgh was perhaps the finest thing of the whole convention. The salient features of Miss Willard's character were described as the absolute transparent simplicity of her nature, her childlike humanness, her singleness of purpose, and her intense faith in humanity



She believed in the best of people, and this made them try to live up to it. She had given to her the wonderful power of praise. She knew how common is self-depreciation and that nothing so truly humbles us as to be praised; and her praise was the best medicine in the world. Lady Henry spoke of Miss Willard's Christlike power of forgiveness, and in a few low-spoken words that vibrated with exquisite feeling she referred to her own mistake in regard to India, that dishonor, not only to the women of India, but to all womanhood, which so shocked her friends, and which Miss Willard, with fine and ready insight, promptly condemned, at the risk of her cherished friendship with Lady Henry. "My eyes were opened to see my error before she left. The load of care I brought her was lifted; if it had not been, I think, my whole life must henceforth have been gray and shaded." There was an indescribable thrill and a silence which could be felt while the speaker, never surely so absolutely great as at that moment, spoke to the hearts of her sisters, whose bowed heads and tearful eyes were mute signs of something more even than love, of admiration and reverent confidence. The address concluded with the words: "The way is fairer and the road less steep because God gave us Frances Willard." The women were too much moved to applaud, and expressed their feeling by the waving of their white handkerchiefs in true American style. — *Advance*.

#### How Are We Missed?

THE thoughts of vacationers will naturally turn often toward home. May it not be a good time, in absence, to ask ourselves some wholesome questions in regard to the considerate kindness of our ordinary life at home? We shall be missed. Everybody is missed who goes out of his place; but have we so lived in family and business relations that there will be no satisfaction mingled with regret? The thought is suggested by a visit in a home from which one member of the family had gone for a summer rest. There seemed to be an atmosphere of unwonted ease and unconstraint. The absent was often spoken of and evidently missed, but the visitor, knowing the household well, could not help noticing that every member of the family felt more at ease—as one does when, in the comfort of the evening, close-fitting garments can be laid aside for easy robes. Then the visitor remembered the absent one's insistence upon formal ways—a high standard of taste degenerating into fuss and fault-finding—and recognized the fact that the family were having a good time of freedom from a yoke which only love had made endurable. Have we been putting any such yoke upon the neck of the home folk who love us? The question is a pertinent one for self-examination in vacation time. — *Congregationalist*.

#### Bits of Fun

—"The man I marry," said she, with a stamp, "must be a hero!" "He will be," remarked the cautious bachelor.

A minister, who is described as a tornado of impassioned eloquence, was once heard as a candidate, without full acceptance. A lady who heard him, being asked why she objected to him, replied: "Why, he tired me out. I sat with my toes curled up all the time he was speaking." — *Christian Register*.

—"I didn't particularly like your prayer this morning," said a deacon to his minister.

"What was wrong with it?"

"Well, in the first place it was too long, and then it seemed to me that it contained two or three expressions that were unwarranted."

"I am very sorry that it met your disapproval, deacon," said the good man, "but you must bear in mind that the prayer was not addressed to you." — *Exchange*.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

### UNNATURAL HISTORY

"I think it is a funny thing," remarked young William Lee, "One night when he was studying his natural history, 'How animals with plants and trees can get so strangely mixed, Although this book declares that in their 'kingdoms' they are fixed.'"

I smiled at William's quaint conceit, but when I'd thought a minute I couldn't help acknowledging that there was reason in it; For in the park across the way, as plain as plain could be, Beside the gateway growing was a tall "horse-chestnut" tree.

And dainty "dogwood" blossoms from the woods we often bring, And there's the yellow "cowslip" that we gather in the spring; We've hunted for the "foxglove" and the timid "harebell" blue, And captured spiky "cat-tails" and the "pussy-willow" too.

In the corner of the garden is a "tiger-lily's" lair, Last April there were "dandelions" rampant everywhere; In fact, a whole menagerie I very quickly found Of animals, both wild and tame, a-growing in the ground.

— J. B. HARTSWICK, in *Rochester Post-Express*.

### HIS MOTHER'S TRAINING

ROLAND stopped and looked at the sign,

"BOY WANTED."

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment next to a store where there had been a big fire. He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated, then with all the courage he could command went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did, and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

"What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well," pointing to some steps, "you go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do."

Roland went down and found half a dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

"Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boys' work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see," he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, "the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen."

"Tisn't fair," said one of the boys; "some have more rust on than others."

"If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us," said the foreman; and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the

gentleman who had sent him down stairs appeared and looking round at the boys, said:

"Well?"

"There is the boy we want," said the foreman, pointing to Roland. "He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained."

Again the tall man spoke quickly.

"That's what we want. 'Boy wanted' doesn't mean any kind of a boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages, and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life."

"I guess, mother," said Roland, when he told her about it, "it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a 'boy wanted.'" — *Sunday School Advocate*.

### His Name in Their Foreheads

"HOW will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and these two were keeping house while mother was at church.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee and pointing. Then she read it out: "'And His name shall be in their foreheads.' You see it's out of the Bible," added she, "and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it!" exclaimed Eve in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Some things write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as though she didn't understand. But, of course, it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated. "Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

Father nodded.

"Right," said he. "Day by day and year by year the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now, for she has all her teeth and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

Eve laughed.

"What a funny sort of writing!" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces, too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father. "Because if we go on being naughty all our lives it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it." — *Children's Paper*.



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## Third Quarter Lesson VII

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1900.

MATTHEW 18: 21-35.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## THE FORGIVING SPIRIT

## I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.* — Matt. 6: 12.

2. DATE: Autumn of A. D. 29.

3. PLACE: Capernaum, in Peter's house, probably.

4. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — Matt. 18: 21-35. *Tuesday* — Gen. 50: 14-21. *Wednesday* — 1 Sam. 24: 1-12. *Thursday* — Col. 3: 9-17. *Friday* — Luke 17: 1-10. *Saturday* — Mark 11: 20-26. *Sunday* — Matt. 6: 5-15.

## II Introductory

Our lesson contains the closing instructions of our Lord to His disciples in the matter of their dispute as to who should be greatest. Not only were they to bear wrongs, but they were to do all they could to bring the evil-doer to a right sense of his conduct (Matt. 18: 15-17), and should forgive him freely on his showing signs of penitence. Peter had evidently some personal reason for pondering this teaching; for before the conversation closed, he asked the question, how often he should forgive an offending brother, adding tentatively "seven times" as a limit. Our Lord's reply — "till seventy times seven" — set aside forever all idea of limitation, by teaching that forgiveness belongs to the Christian spirit, and must be always ready when occasion demands. And then He illustrated at once the greatness of Divine pardon and the wickedness of human implacability in the parable of the Unmerciful Servant: A certain king summoned his servants to an account for their administration. Among them was one who had squandered the enormous sum of ten thousand talents of his Lord's revenues, and had naught wherewith to pay. Therefore the king, following the custom of the time, ordered him and his wife and children to be sold, and the price received to be paid into his treasury. Whereupon the servant piteously begged for patience and time, promising — what was impossible — that he would repay the whole debt. The ruler, touched by his entreaties, treated him better than he asked — "loosed him and forgave his debt." But this same servant, on leaving his lord's presence, found a fellow servant who owed him a mere trifle, as compared with what he himself owed, and, brutally seizing him by the throat, demanded the money on the instant. In vain the debtor pleaded for time and promised payment — he was mercilessly flung into prison until the debt should be paid. But the lord of this hard-hearted wretch learned the story, and promptly revoked his act of compassion. He who having tasted mercy had refused it to his fellow was delivered to the "torturers" till he should pay all the debt that had been forgiven him. "So likewise," said our Lord in conclusion, "shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

## III Expository

21. Then came Peter. — Possibly his forwardness had excited envy and sharp criticism in the apostolic band, and he may have desired to know how long he was to continue forgiving these ungracious attacks. It should be noted, however, that his question was one that was frequently discussed in the rabbinic schools. How oft . . . till seven times? — Peter very likely supposed that he was stretching the limit when he suggested seven times, for the rabbis taught that only thrice might a man expect to be forgiven.

22. I do not say . . . seven — as though He would say, That is not my limit, Peter, and must not be yours. Seventy times seven — or, possibly, "seventy times and seven." Whichever way one may take it, the meaning is, Don't try to count how often; keep on forgiving without limit, just as God does.

The rule lays down that in no case do we retain resentment toward a sincere penitent (Whedon). — If a brother transgresses very frequently in a flagrant manner, he may lose the confidence of his brethren, either as regards his profession, or as regards some elements of his character. But they must never cherish a feeling of animosity towards him (Morison).

23. Therefore — to show you how unstinted your forgiveness must be, and how odious and criminal is an implacable temper. The kingdom of heaven — God's rule on earth through the Messiah. A certain king. — The Father, of course, is meant. Would take account of (R. V., "make a reckoning with") his servants — just as an Oriental sovereign would summon his satraps and investigate their accounts.

24. One was brought — under compulsion, presumably. Owed him ten thousand talents — an enormous sum, serving to indicate "the immensity of the debt which man owes to God, and the utter impossibility of his ever clearing off the aggregate, ever accumulating, of sins of omission and of commission" (Plumptre). If a silver talent was meant, the sum of indebtedness would reach to nearly twenty millions of dollars. A Greek talent was worth about half as much as a Hebrew silver talent.

Trench affords illustrations of the amount indicated, by comparing it with other sums mentioned in the Scriptures and in secular history. Ten thousand talents is the amount which Haman estimated would be derived from the destruction of the whole Jewish people (Esther 3: 9). In the construction of the tabernacle, twenty-nine talents of gold were used (Exod. 38: 24); David prepared for the temple three thousand talents of gold, and the princes five thousand (1 Chron. 29: 4-7); the Queen of Sheba presented to Solomon one hundred and twenty talents. With ten thousand talents Darius sought to buy off Alexander from prosecuting his campaign in Asia. The same sum was imposed as a fine by the Romans on Antiochus the Great after his defeat (Abbott).

25. As he had not to pay (R. V., "where-with to pay") — as he had squandered his lord's revenues, and it was utterly impossible that he could make good his account. Commanded him to be sold . . . wife . . . children — the usual way with Oriental despots, illustrating God in His justice alienating from Himself those who have defrauded Him of His just dues — "the usual attitude toward sin." The selling of the wife and children may belong to the drapery of the parable, but their fate may be conceived of as sharpening the intensity of the punishment.

26. Servant . . . fell down — horror-struck, and begging for mercy. Have patience . . . pay thee all — a promise impossible of fulfillment, but true to life. So the convicted sinner, exposed to wrath,

would beg off by promising a self-righteous obedience.

Observe, there is no confession of wrong, no appeal for help. The experience typified is not that of penitence, but only of fear. It is interpreted by the histories of Pharaoh (Exod. 9: 27, 28; 10: 16, 17, etc.); Saul (1 Sam. 15: 24, 25, 30); Ahab (1 Kings 21: 27); Belshazzar (Dan. 5: 9), and Felix (Acts 24: 25) (Abbott).

27. The lord . . . moved with compassion. — His rigor lasted until the culprit was brought to his knees, "with," says Bruce, "a petition coming far short of the grace in store, asking only for time to pay, for a hired servant's place; for men are unable to imagine and dare not hope for the good which God has prepared for them. The rigor was meant to lead up to the mercy through the way of repentance." For-gave him his debt — freely and unconditionally. Says Schaft: "The mercy, in its greatness, fullness and freeness, is the single point; the ground of it is not stated."

"For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind."

28. Servant went out — from this experience of immeasurable mercy and forbearance. Arnot suggests that the man had not been converted — only frightened. Found one . . . owed him a hundred pence — about \$16; a mere trifle compared with the debt which had been freely forgiven to him, and yet a considerable sum, since it represented about three months' wages of an ordinary laborer in those times. Took him by the throat — a ferocious act, yet permissible under Roman law. Pay me that (R. V., "what") thou owest. — Of course he could demand his rights in justice, but his behavior under the circumstances would be incredible, were it not, alas! repeated over and over again in human experience.

This man was one who would fain be measured to by God in one measure, while he measured to his brethren in another. But this may not be. Each man must take his choice; he may dwell in the kingdom of grace; but then, receiving grace, he must show grace; finding love, he must exercise love. If, on the contrary, he exacts the uttermost, pushes his rights as far as they will go, he must look to have the uttermost exacted from him, and in the measure that he has meted to have it measured back to him again (Trench).

29, 30. Fellow servant besought . . . him — using precisely the words which he himself had used to his lord, but not by any means with the same result. Will pay thee. — He had far better reason to believe that he could pay the small debt than his creditor had when he used similar language. Would not. — He who had tasted mercy now refuses it. He will not even grant delay. Cast him in prison till he should pay — deprived him even of the opportunity to earn the money wherewith to discharge the obligation.

31, 32. His fellow servants . . . were very (R. V., "exceeding") sorry. — We might have expected that they would be indignant, but the true feeling in a spiritual fellowship is deep sorrow rather than wrath at such exhibitions of an unchristlike spirit. Told their lord. — "The sorrowful cries of

**Mellin's Food**  
never fails when properly used

**Mellin's Food**  
brings joy to the house



God's people in a world of persecution and oppression are heard" (Schaff). **Thou wicked servant**—rightly so called; for great crimes against our fellows may be done in the name of justice. **I forgave thee** . . . **thou desirest** (R. V., "besoughtest").—Strictly had asked his lord only for forbearance, and had received what was vastly more—remission; but he had not even treated his fellow with forbearance; and it had never occurred to him to cancel the debt.

33. **Should not thou also have had compassion** (R. V., "mercy")?—Under the circumstances there was a sort of moral obligation upon the man to take his lord's compassion toward himself as a model in his dealings with his own debtors. **Even as I**.—The same idea comes out in that petition of the Lord's Prayer in which we seek forgiveness from God as we forgive our fellows.

34. **Delivered him to the tormentors**—referring, primarily, to those officers who by means of torture wrung from a prisoner confession of money concealed or crime committed; secondarily, to those retributive tormentors, "which in the world to come rise up from within and crowd up from around." **Till he should pay**—a strong confirmation of the eternity of punishment.

The parable stands on the assumption that the Divine forgiveness may be forfeited. During terrestrial probation all the blessings which are peculiar to the kingdom of heaven are enjoyed provisionally. And, at any point of the preparatory career, free agency is free to come in, and to turn out what is essential to the enjoyment of these blessings. It often brings in much that is from self or from beneath. And hence the mottled character of many who have "named the name of Christ." . . . If the backsliding is not healed, the forgiveness is never restored (Morison).

35. **So . . . sha'l my heavenly Father.**—It is very easy to say, We don't believe God will do this, or will do that; but it is far better to take the testimony of the Son of God as to what the Father will do. **If ye from your hearts**.—No outside, pretended forgiveness will meet this condition.

## V Illustrative

1. Is there not a clear light thrown upon the dark passages of our lives by this parable? Is it not here explained how our own debts seem to come back to us, now and then, heavier and more hopeless than ever? Think how we are wont to speak of the obligation which other men are under to us, of the debts they have incurred to us, of the demands which we have a right to make upon them. Think how exactly our Lord's language represents our feelings, how it is uttered in all our daily actions, "Pay me that thou owest, servant, child, poor dependent, friend, wife, brother." Is not that the first natural thought of our hearts—the thought of our *rights*—and if these are withheld—the hundred pence which each man has a claim upon from his fellow—is there anything which more quickly excites our anger, or which we are more slow to forgive? And if this be so, is it any wonder that the sense of divine forgiveness is so often clouded in our minds? (F. D. Maurice.)

2. "O God, I have sinned against Thee many times; I have been often forgetful of Thy goodness; I have broken Thy laws; I have committed many secret sins. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, even as I deal with my neighbor. He hath not offended me one hundredth part as much as I have offended Thee, but I cannot forgive him. He has been very ungrateful to me, though not an hundredth part as ungrateful as I have been to Thee, yet I cannot overlook

such base ingratitude. Deal with me, O Lord, I beseech Thee, as I deal with him! I remember and treasure up every little trifle which shows how ill he has behaved to me. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him." Can anything be more shocking and horrible than such a prayer? Yet this is just the prayer the unforgiving man offers up every time he repeats the Lord's Prayer (Augustus Hare).

## THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

REV. JOHN MCNEILL.

**I** NEVER was bothered with self-righteousness. God always made me honest enough to know the blackness of my heart, and that if my sin had not hatched out the eggs were all there. Fortunately I was a teetotaler. Teetotalism is not salvation, but it often holds till Christ comes. It kept me from setting myself on fire in certain directions till grace came.

I was big enough and old enough to do what we call in Scotland "join the church," but I knew I had not the great qualification for joining the church. I knew my father and mother wished me to join, but I was not going to the Lord's table simply to please them. In my perplexity I wrote to my minister. I put it like this. There is a text—Acts 16:26-31: "And suddenly there was a great earthquake," etc. And the earthquake produced a soul-quake. I put that text in my letter. I said: "Minister, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all about Jesus, and all the Bible says of sin and salvation and heaven and hell. I believe all about it, but I don't feel one bit the better. There is something wrong." And I sent the letter away.

Two or three days afterwards I was just going to throw up the booking-office window to sell the tickets for the 10.30 sugar-brokers' train to Glasgow, when I saw the postman coming round. He gave me a letter, and I saw the postmark, and I knew my minister's handwriting. I will never forget reading that letter. Dear old man! I helped to bury him over a year ago. The letter read: "You will never know, unless you should become a minister yourself, how glad I am to get a frank, open, honest letter from you about your spiritual condition, even although evidently you are all in the dark. I am glad you have taken Acts 16:31 as a challenge text. It says: 'Believe,' in your heart, of course, as you believe in your mother, your wife; for it is faith, not in a proposition of Euclid, but believe, have full confidence in, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. But, John, you say you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but don't feel a bit the better of it. Now I want to know which I am to believe about you? Am I to believe yourself saying, 'I don't feel a bit the better,' or am I to believe God uttering His verdict on you in the word that can never lie, God saying that the man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is, and shall be, eternally saved."

I was checking all God's Word by my feelings, and reducing all God's Word, no matter what it said, to the level of my feelings, and I did not see that that was no faith at all. And the minister clenched it when he said, "John, you would quote the text Acts 16:31 as if it read, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will feel easier,' instead of 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' God says it. Never mind your feelings."

It was like the lifting of a curtain for me, and I saw the whole spiritual regions stand in an outline bold and clear. No great feeling even then. It was a case of seeing. What the eyes are to the body, faith is to the soul. I was saved. I didn't shout. Presbyterians don't shout. I took a walk

in the station, along to the far end of the platform. I remember that morning saying to myself, "Has the station been white-washed?" The very dingy brick wall, all covered with smoke and soot from the engines, looked whiter. It was not the walls, it was my mind that was brightened. Because now, in the Scriptural sense, I knew the Lord as mine. I came back and sold the tickets, and didn't say anything. and the next morning I woke up, and my heart was just like a fire you had left burning overnight, and I was as cold as could be. The devil said, "It's all a hoax." But I got grace to fight that battle. The minister said I was not to consult my feelings, and I rallied myself. "Has God's Word altered through the night?" "No." "Has Acts 16:31 altered?" "No." "Has the value of the blood of Jesus to blot out my sins altered?" "No." Then nothing has altered that I am resting on, nothing but my feelings. And you don't need to rest on your feelings. You are saved by trusting the Lord Jesus Christ.—London Baptist.

## TWELVE MOST POPULAR HYMNS

**I**N order to ascertain the hymns most in use among English-speaking Christians, Dr. Louis F. Benson obtained a copy of all the leading hymn-books and carefully compared their contents. He collected altogether ninety-eight hymn-books.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," proved to be the chief favorite, for it was found in more of the hymn-books than any other—ninety-seven out of ninety-eight.

According to this test, the following is a list of the twelve most popular hymns, the figures at the end of each line showing in how many books the hymn appears:—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me (97).  
All praise to Thee, my God, this night (96).  
When I survey the wondrous cross (95).  
Jesus, lover of my soul (95).  
Jesus, I my cross have taken (94).  
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear (94).  
Awake, my soul, and with the sun (93).  
Hark! the herald angels sing (93).  
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide (92).  
Nearer, my God, to Thee (92).  
Jerusalem, my happy home (92).  
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds (92).

## "Wilful Waste

### Makes Woeful Want."

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## OUR BOOK TABLE

**The Work of the Holy Spirit.** By Abraham Kuyper, D. D., LL. D., M. P. Translated by Rev. Henri de Vries, and Authorized and Approved by the Author. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London. Price, \$3.

During the Middle Ages many of the most important and precious doctrines of the Word of God for the Christian Church were practically lost. The Reformation began the work of their restoration, starting with the fundamental doctrine of justification by faith; and one by one these doctrines have been restored in all their purity. The last one to be restored is that concerning the "Person and Work of the Holy Spirit." Fifty years ago John Owen's great classic was almost the only book of solid worth accessible, if indeed that could be said to be accessible. But the closing years of the nineteenth century seem to be the era of the revival of this doctrine and of a sense of its supreme interest and importance. Books almost beyond numbering are pouring from the religious press — largely indeed superficial and ephemeral, but nevertheless testifying to the amazing extent of the awakened interest. Christians have come to see that this is the most practical of all doctrines, the lack of knowledge of which must dwarf the Christian life and cripple Christian work. Christians of the present day are asking practical questions about the work of the Holy Spirit. They want to know what it means for them in their Christian life and work. Questions such as these are stirring them: How am I to know that an experience comes from the Holy Spirit, and not rather from some other source? What is the work of the Holy Spirit in man, in history, in the preparation of the Scripture, in the incarnation of the Son, in the salvation of His people? What are we to consider the work of the Holy Spirit in bestowing gifts, talents and abilities upon artisans and professional men? How did the work of the Holy Spirit in the church before Christ differ from that after Christ? What was the work of the Holy Spirit in the preparation of the sacred Scriptures? What is it in their application to man's heart and needs? What was the Spirit's work in the incarnation of the Son? What in connection with His human nature? What is the work of the Holy Spirit in the Mediator; in the development of Christ's human nature; in the consecration to His office; in His humiliation unto death; in His resurrection, exaltation, and return to glory? What is the outpouring of the Holy Spirit? What are the differences in the threefold giving of the Holy Spirit? 1. That of *saving grace* in regeneration and subsequent illumination (Matt. 16:17); 2. That of *official gifts* qualifying for the apostolic office (John 20:22); 3. That of the *baptism with the Holy Ghost* (Acts 1:5, in connection with Acts 2:1, *et seq.*).

Dr. Kuyper's work on the Holy Spirit was first published in Amsterdam, for the instruction of the people of the Netherlands. Written in the ordinary language of the people, it meets the needs of both laity and clergy. However, depth of thought is not sacrificed to simplicity of speech. On the contrary, the latter is the instrument only to make the former lucid and transparent.

**Skilled Labor for the Master.** By Bishop E. R. Hendrix. Barbee & Smith: Nashville. Price, \$1.25.

This is a very attractive book, not only in the strength and finish of the sermons it contains, but in the elegant style in which the publishers have brought out the work. The sermons fully justify the Bishop's title. "Skilled Labor" is shown in the thoroughness with which he prepared for the pulpit. He set for himself a standard of perfection which is seen in every sermon. Bishop Galloway, in a forceful introduction,

says: "In this valuable volume earnest pastors will find helpful suggestions in their parish perplexities, and all preachers a fresh inspiration to a more careful and prayerful pulpit preparation." Our cover for July 4 was enriched by a fine excerpt from one of these discourses. Nearly every page contains paragraphs worth quoting and repeating.

**The Conception of Immortality.** By Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard University. Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston. Price, \$1.

Professor Royce establishes his premise in this declaration: "When we ask about the Immortality of Man, it is the permanence of the Individual Man concerning which we mean to inquire." And his conclusion, which is by no means dogmatic, is found in the following statements: "Ah! one of the deepest tragedies of this human existence of ours lies in the very loneliness of the awakened critics of life. We seek true individuality and the true individuals. But we find them not. For lo! we mortals see what our poor eyes can see; and they, the true individuals, they belong not to this world of our merely human sense and thought. . . . Ah! therein, just therein, lies the very proof that they even now belong to a higher and to a richer realm than ours." Prof. Royce develops his argument very naturally and convincingly. It is a strong and suggestive book.

**Garnered Sheaves.** From Harvest Fields in Ohio-Kentucky, and West Virginia. By William I. Fee, D. D., of the Cincinnati Conference. Curtis & Jennings: Cincinnati. Price, \$1.50.

William I. Fee was born Feb. 15, 1817, and died, Feb. 13, 1900. He was a revivalist with an almost unparalleled history in our church for sixty-two years. His experience was very remarkable. It was well that he wrote out the fruitful history of his life before he was summoned to his abundant reward. This is a book that should be in the hands of all our ministers, exhorting them to a more fruitful ministry. President Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University, in a most fitting and inspiring introduction, says: "From his first sermon to his last his preaching was frequently attended by strange demonstrations of Divine power. He received between ten and fifteen thousand people into the church — a record unsurpassed by any other minister in Methodism. He was instrumental in the conversion of between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty young men who later became ministers and missionaries. His record as a pastor, I am inclined to think, surpasses that of Spurgeon in conversions, that of Finney in the number received into the church, that of Moody in the number sent into the ministry. . . . I read George Müller's 'Narrative of the Lord's Dealings' and Brother Fee's two volumes along with the Acts of the Apostles, because they show that God is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and that He does for His faithful servants today exceeding abundantly beyond all we can ask or think."

**The Arts of Life.** By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

This volume contains a very striking and original poem on "Growth," and seven essays on the following subjects: "Foreword," "Firsts and Lasts," "Of Education," "Of Business," "Of Politics," "Of Religion," "The End." The essayist is thoughtful, original, comprehensive and classic. In many places he is ideal, brilliant and very suggestive, well-nigh a master in thought and expression. Here are illustrations: "The supreme flower is a human character. The unfolding rose, perfect among flowers, in full beauty of form and glory of color and radiance of scent, is but its type. To produce the perfect rose is an art. Nature gives us the wild rose and

the eglantine, the scentless flower, the scented leaf, of these roses of the field. The gardener knows plant life, selects and brings together, studies the seedling or the graft, and according to the needs of the growing plant gives it light and air and warmth and soil and care. And with the shapings of his art comes at last the rose, perfect after its fashion, the rose among roses. . . . To heal men, to make them whole, to call them to health, wholeness, holiness — for these words are all one word — has ever been the end of religion." "That this world is ruled by righteousness is a thought so deep in the race that it is found at the roots of language. Our very words 'morals' and 'ethics' mean customs; that is to say, customs are based on a sense of rightness and fitness, and from them our code of morals or ethics, our practice of right, has developed."

**Bird Studies with a Camera.** By Frank M. Chapman. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.75.

The opening chapters of this book deal with questions of cameras, lenses, plates, blinds, decoys, and other pertinent subjects, giving valuable information to the camera hunter. There are over one hundred illustrations of bird life, from nature, all taken by the author, which give a most practical side to his advice to amateurs. The habits of the various birds, their nests, and the localities in which they love best to stay, are all charmingly described as well as pictured. This is a most fascinating book to the bird lover, possessing a unique interest and value.

**The Prelude and the Play.** By Rufus Mann. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

Taking some of the successful novels of the day as a standard, there is very little plot in this story. Alexandra, a student at Canterbury, takes a position as governess during the long vacation, just for a new experience. The son of the house, also at home from Canterbury, falls in love with her. Both return to college. She hesitates to accept him because of her high ideals and the dread that her married life may be as commonplace as that of some of her friends. She consults an old professor, who gives her much good advice, but she finally marries the young man. How they drift apart in ideals and in life as her husband becomes a successful business man and engages in politics, but how she finally wins him back

## HEALTHY SCHOOLMA'AM

### Found Out How to Feed Herself

Many school teachers, at the end of their year's work, feel thoroughly exhausted and worn out, physically and mentally. The demand upon the nerves and brain of a teacher is unusual and unless they are well fed and fed upon properly selected food, it is natural that they should run down.

A little woman teacher at Gobleville, Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until within the last year, she has made use of Grape-Nuts Food with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 90 pounds to 126; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment on her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she has almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts, this change has been brought about; evidence prima facie of the value of Grape-Nuts Food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centres.

The name of the teacher can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



her, is strongly told. The book is well worth reading because of the high living that it teaches; but it would be much more interesting to the general reader if it were condensed about one-half.

**A Davis Pioneer.** By Rowland E. Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.25.

The boys will welcome this book, and even older folks will enjoy the vivid description of the life of the early settlers of our country. They bravely endured great hardships and great loneliness. Josiah Hill and his partner won a fine location from the wilderness, but gave it up because Chloe married some one else, not waiting their return. Their life from that time until peaceful old age, as they grew up with the country, was full of vicissitudes, but intensely interesting.

**Eben Holden.** By Irving Bacheller. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

"Eben Holden"—"Uncle Eb," as everybody calls him—brings across the State line from Vermont and into the "North Country" (St. Lawrence County in Northern New York) a little wait, and makes a man of him. In the home of a hospitable and flourishing farmer of the North Country the boy grows to manhood, developing, under the shrewd tutelage of Uncle Eb and of Farmer Brower and his excellent wife, into a well-rounded and manly fellow, who goes to college, falls in love, starts out in life in New York, and joins the *Tribune* staff, goes to war, is the hero of Bull Run fight, and becomes a successful modern American. That is the thread of the story without the plot; but the real hero of the book is "Uncle Eb," who knows men and how to handle them, is unspoiled by the world, and is full of quaint, homely sayings, stories and advice, which make him dear to all who know him.

**Nature's Miracles: Energy and Vibration.** By Elisha Gray, Ph. D., LL. D. Ford, Howard & Hubert: New York. Price, 60 cents.

This is the second volume of Prof. Gray's delightful science primers. The first dealt with Earth, Air and Water; the second takes up in the same lucid and entertaining manner Energy, Sound, Heat, Light, and Explosives. These are what the author calls "the primal elements—not only of life, but of material existence itself. Without heat and light we cannot conceive of the physical universe; and sound becomes a modification of these, without which animated creation would soon destroy itself, and even while it lived would fail to develop, lacking the means of communication." These all involve motion, and that requires force and continuing energy—or force at work.

**Love in a Cloud.** By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

There will be few more amusing companions for the summer vacation than this latest society novel, dealing with Boston people, but treating them much less cynically than the author has done in some of his earlier books. The interests of the plot cluster about an anonymous novel which has stirred society to its depths, and all sorts of people are striving to discover the author, and all with different purposes. The search, with its many wrong conclusions, produces amusing complications and absurd situations among the characters. The book is so entirely different from anything this author has ever given us before, that we get a new view of his many-sided genius, a new proof of his versatility.

**In Circling Camps.** By Joseph A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is another of those interesting historical novels of which the publishers have been so prolific of late. Henry Kingsford is in Washington during the stormy times preceding the seating of Lincoln in the

Presidential chair. Although born in the South, when war is declared he joins the Northern army. He is in love with Elinor Maynard, his boyhood's playmate, and so also is Mr. Varian, a brilliant man of the world and a Southern officer. After a series of thrilling incidents, during which Mr. Kingsford and Miss Maynard are imprisoned by Mr. Varian, but escape and are secretly married, peace is declared. The descriptions of some of the incidents of the war, notably the battles, are intensely vivid, as though described by an eye-witness. Such a book as this is of historical importance aside from its entertaining qualities, as it gives a fairly correct estimate of both sides of that great struggle.

## Magazines

—The *Contemporary Review* for July has several very valuable and pertinent contributions. The opening article is on "The Scramble for China," the second on "The Crisis in China." Augustine Birrell writes upon "Finland and Russia." G. F. Millin deals with "The Future of London Railways." R. Warwick Bond shows us "Ruskin, Man and Prophet." (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

—The *Bibliotheca Sacra* for July presents the great evangelist Finney in a realistic and striking way. Unusually suggestive and informational is the paper on "Limiting Saloon Territory: The Minneapolis Plan," by Judson N. Cross. Especially significant is the contribution, "The Period of Doubt among the Friends of Jesus," by Edward I. Bosworth. There are a half-dozen other important and able articles. It is a very valuable number. (Bibliotheca Sacra Company: Oberlin, O.)

—"Effective Preachers and What-Made their Preaching Effective," by Dr. Parker, of London, is a leading paper in the *Homiletic Review* for July. "The Illumination of the Sermon," by Dr. David James Burrell, of New York, is along the same line; while "How to Win Men to Christ," by Rev. Dr. Camden M. Cobern, is the third and last inquiry on the same topic. (Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York.)

—Few are the men who write so comprehensively and critically of the world's doings as Henry Norman. He seems to know what is most essential in a grave crisis. This fact gives unusual importance to his paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for July upon "Our Vacillation in China and its Consequences." Other interesting papers are: "Soldier Settlers in South Africa;" "In the Bye-ways of Rural Ireland;" "Town Children in the Country;" and "The Prerogative of Dissolution." (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

## ABOUT NOTABLE AUTHORS

Prepared by ANNIE FISHER SMITH.

—There are said to be 1,425 characters in Dickens' twenty-four novels.

—Napoleon's handwriting was almost illegible: it is said that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war.

—The circumstances under which the poem, "The Man with the Hoe," was written are as remarkable as the poem itself. "For fourteen years I worked upon it," says Mr. Markham, "never completing it, never getting exactly the form that pleased my mind. Only four verses—yet fourteen years of thought were put into them. Finally, one day, I sat down and wrote the first verse in the form in which it is printed. Next day I wrote another verse; and,

finally, the poem was completed in four consecutive days."

—It is interesting to know that dictation was Goethe's favorite mode of composition. All his best thoughts and expressions, he says, came to him while walking; he could do nothing seated.

—Miss Fanny Crosby says the unexpected visit of a friend who gave her ten dollars inspired her to write one of her best hymns, "All the way my Saviour leads me."

—Walter Besant's first novel was rejected; and after it had lain on the shelf for some years he burned it.

—After Conan Doyle's first story had been refused by eleven publishers, the twelfth took it for \$1.25.

—Sir Walter Scott tells us that once during his apprenticeship he wrote 150 folio pages without an interval for food or rest.

—Mr. Kipling thus describes how he came to write "The Recessional": "That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the *Times* a poem on the jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The *Times* began to want that poem badly, and sent letter after letter asking for it. I made many more attempts, but no further progress. Finally the *Times* began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in my room with a determination to stay there until I had written a jubilee poem. Sitting down, with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through three dozens of sketches, till at last I found just one line I liked. That was, 'Lest we forget.' Round these words 'Recessional' was written."

THE plague of lamps is the breaking of chimneys; but that can be avoided. Get Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass."

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Please mention this paper.



## A DAY AMONG THE MORMONS

REV. ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG.

A GREAT white structure of polished granite, gleaming like marble among the trees, square and glaring with dazzling radiance in the blazing light of the midday sun—such is the first impression produced by the

## FAMOUS MORMON TEMPLE

in Salt Lake City. As we approach the temple we come to a wall of stone and concrete about twelve feet high, painted a dull yellow, which encloses the ten acres comprising the temple block. This wall looked dark and forbidding, like the wall of a penitentiary. It was pierced by four massive iron gates—a gate midway of the wall on the north, east, south and west. We entered by way of the north gate. Within the inclosure, which looked so sombre and repellent from the street, we found beautiful shade trees, tastefully laid out walks, well-kept lawns and grass plots—a veritable little park—with the buildings carefully located well apart. On our left as we entered from the north rose the gleaming Temple, with the Endowment house just north, while on the right was the Tabernacle and the Assembly hall. Visitors were coming and going, stopping, gazing first at one building, then another, glancing again and again at the temple, and then standing and gazing at it with the whole mind absorbed in contemplation of its mysterious beauty. As we found ourselves lost in deep contemplation and meditation we were aroused by our Gentile guide:

"Do you notice that iron fence around the temple? That is to keep Gentiles from even touching the walls of the building. You will note, too, that it seems to be entirely deserted. None but high-degree Mormons are allowed to enter its doors. The common Mormons and Gentiles must remain outside the iron fence. This building is the great mystery of Salt Lake City. Just what takes place within its walls nobody knows."

A wonderful piece of mason work! The half-round corner blocks were as evenly laid as if wrought out of a great solid block. Every part was as carefully worked out as if it had been cast in a mold. The eye unconsciously traveled from point to point, then on up, up, up, to the tips of the pinnacles, 230 feet from the ground. The temple sets east and west, and is one solid rectangular structure. At each end there are three clusters of pinnacles, like small, daintily-fashioned spires, two clusters rising from the corners, and one rising from the peak of the gable end, meeting and mingling symmetrically, with the middle pinnacle of the cluster forming the apex of the group. The middle pinnacle of the group on the eastern end of the temple supports a large golden image of an angel with a long trumpet in hand, facing toward the east.

"That is what the Mormons call the angel Moroni," said the guide, pointing toward the golden figure. "Once when the Mormons became a little contrary, the soldiers at Fort Douglass leveled their cannons on Moroni, and sent word to the Mormon leaders that if they did not come to time, they would blow their golden an-

gel out of existence. The Mormons came to time in a hurry. I'll tell you it made a pretty target from the fort."

With our minds teeming with the remembrance of stories of what the temple stood for—the secret chamber where Brigham Young performed his miracles for the edification of the twelve apostles and gave forth his inspired utterances; the place where the Danites were sworn to destroy sinners by the shedding of blood; the spiritual marriages in which men and women were sealed for time and eternity and which made the woman a "plural" wife while on earth; and the awful conspiracy connected with the Mountain Meadow massacre—we turned away and passed around to view the temple from another vantage point. On the eastern face there appears the inscription on a stone slab in letters of gold:

## HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.

The House of the Lord, built by  
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST  
Of Latter Day Saints.  
Commenced April 6, 1853.  
Completed April 6, 1893.

Forty years were consumed from the time Brigham Young drove a stake in the ground on the present site of the temple and exclaimed, "Here we will build a temple for the Lord!" until its final completion. It cost many millions of dollars, and is really one of the very remarkable buildings of the world, both from an architectural point of view and because of what it represents.

Turning from an inspection of the temple: The Mormons teach that Christ will come again in physical form, and that He will establish a temporal kingdom; that the Latter Day Saints are His chosen people; that He will make His seat of government with them, and from that centre extend His reign to all parts of the earth. Perhaps this teaching will explain the care with which the temple is guarded from contamination. How consistent it would be for the Messiah to enter the temple erected for Him by His Latter Day Saints and therein set up His earthly throne! Perhaps that is the hope that moves the Mormon leaders to let the temple stand unused.

Turning from the inspection of the temple and the contemplation of the strange memories and feelings that it had awakened, we entered the tabernacle for the purpose of listening to

## A MORMON SERVICE.

It was 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and the only service of the week was about to be held. The tabernacle is a large auditorium capable of seating eight thousand people. The roof is dome-shaped, and is reputed to be the largest unsupported roof in the world. At first glance the structure reminds one of a Mohammedan mosque as pictured in books of travel. There are numerous entrances on three sides. We slipped in through a south entrance, and found a good seat in one of the hard, yellow, wooden pews in the body of the auditorium where we could see and hear to good advantage. We were early, and had ample opportunity to look about. The interior was very simply arranged—three sections of long pews on the main floor, a gallery across one end and along the sides, the sweeping oval shape of the building

giving the interior a pleasing, symmetrical form. In the western end was the immense pipe organ with woodwork of carved walnut, the grand instrument reaching almost to the ceiling. In front and on each side were ranged the seats for the famous choir of several hundred singers. At a point that would ordinarily be used for a pulpit stand were several plush-lined pews, facing the audience, ranged so that the rear pews were higher than the ones in front. There were three or four seats of this kind about ten feet long. Midway of three of them was a pulpit stand, so that in place of one pulpit there were three, the one nearest the audience being the lowest and the next a little higher, and so on up until the last one was on the same level with the platform occupied by the choir. These seats were for the use of the twelve apostles, a number of whom were in their places.

President Snow was absent on account of illness, and one of the other officers had charge of the service. A hymn was sung to the tune "America," prayer was offered, and then two returned missionaries were introduced and made short talks. One had just returned from Norway and Denmark, and the other from the South. They very enthusiastically reported great success. After another hymn an address was made by Prof. James E. Talmage, of the Utah State University, who occupied the middle pulpit. He spoke for nearly an hour in defence and explanation of the teachings of the Latter Day Saints, charging that their unpopularity is due to ignorance, and saying that he did not expect to see the Mormon Church popular with

## CAUGHT THE WORM

## That Gnaws Under Cover

"I have had quite an experience with the use of coffee. Without knowing why, I gradually became seriously constipated, with all the disagreeable effects of this most aggravating disease. I was also bilious and stomach badly out of order.

I had no idea of the cause and kept using coffee every morning.

"One day a friend to whom I spoke of my troubles, remarked that perhaps I would find the cause in the coffee cup and suggested the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee. I was impressed with his remarks and made the change from coffee to Postum. The old troubles have nearly disappeared and I am one of the happiest mortals you ever saw. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that coffee was the unsuspected cause of the difficulty and while it nearly ruined my health for a time, I have practically recovered again by the discontinuance of coffee.

"I have known a number of persons who have been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless. It simply was not made right, and it would be the same with any other kind of drink, tea, coffee, cocoa, etc. Postum, when made according to directions, is a delightful beverage.

"There are a large number of people in this surrounding country who are using Postum, and their number is increasing daily. It is sort of a stampede. Store after store is putting in a stock of Postum that never thought of such a thing before.

"I enclose a list of twenty or thirty names of those that I know of as users of Postum, among my immediate acquaintances. Do not use my name, please." J. M. G., Box 72, Jefferson, Wis.



the multitude. The zeal and number of missionaries was pointed out, fanatical reliance on faith for healing was countenanced, and the practice of tithing vigorously advocated. At the conclusion of the address an anthem was rendered by the great choir, a closing hymn was sung, and the benediction pronounced. Owing to the numerous exits, the building was emptied so quickly that it seemed miraculous.

Leaving the tabernacle, we stopped a moment to look at the assembly hall, an unpolished granite building, with a seating capacity of 2,500, arranged somewhat like the tabernacle. This building is used for ordinary gatherings, and is not confined exclusively to Mormon meetings. For that matter the tabernacle is often used for public occasions that require a large auditorium.

Passing out the south gate we turned east to the next block, where

#### OTHER INTERESTING BUILDINGS

were pointed out. "There is the 'Lion House,' where Brigham Young kept house with his many wives," said our guide, pointing to a dwelling almost within the shadow of the temple. It was a cottage-looking structure, with a yellow gable end toward the street. Looking along the side, we could see a number of gable ends placed close side by side like tenement houses, yet all being part of the same structure. Each gable end represented an apartment occupied by a "Mrs. Brigham Young." The "Lion House" got its name from the image of a lion in front. On the corner of the same block going east the "Bee Hive" was pointed out. It was also once occupied by an assortment of Brigham Young's wives. It is named from the bee-hive that surmounts the roof. Across the street toward the south is the "Gardo House," or "Amelia's Palace," as the

handsome dwelling there is called, from the fact that it was once the home of Brigham Young's favorite wife. The block occupied by the Lion House and the Bee Hive was once surrounded by a wall, a large portion of which remains. The missing part was torn down after the departure of the great prophet, whose wives occupied the houses named. Between the two dwellings are the buildings used for office purposes by President Snow and other officers of the church.

Other Mormon institutions and sights are the bronze statue of Brigham Young in the street, at the southeast corner of Temple Square; his grave in an open spot northeast of the temple; the tithing yard north of the temple; and the buildings of the "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," where Mormons only are employed in the manufacture of shoes, shirts and overalls. Saltair, on the Lake thirteen miles west, is famous as a Mormon bath-house and dancing pavilion.

#### SALT LAKE

is a beautiful city, laid out in blocks of ten acres, with streets 130 feet wide, level as a floor, well paved, and in the heart of the city. A stream of clear cold water gurgles along in the gutters of the principal streets. Shade trees are abundant, and their grateful shadows, with the cooling of the air by the running water, are very pleasant indeed. On the east and north rise the Wasatch Mountains, frowning like battlements, while away to the south and west stretches the great Salt Lake basin, the lake gleaming in the distance, the land between once an alkali desert, but now blooming like a garden.

#### THE GLORIOUS KINGDOM

REV. GEORGE A. COOKE.

THE King has come to His throne. The adorable Christ has anointed us with the oil of gladness. He sets up a spiritual kingdom in the heart of the believer—a kingdom of truth and righteousness. Matthew Arnold has told us that the Christian religion is "light and sweetness." O Matthew Arnold, it is light and sweetness; but it is much more than that. It is "righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost." It is the "victory that overcometh the world." It is the blazing and conquering spirit of righteous love.

The kingdom consists almost wholly in loving the King. If we love the King, then are we truly in the kingdom, and the kingdom is in us. If we do not love Him, then are we strangers and aliens from the commonwealth of God. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." The heart softens under His smile. The character strengthens as we make His will the exulting law of our life. Sin and doubt have weakened the soul so that it faces the ideal with gloomy forebodings. A loving vision of the King turns despair into rapture, so that in kingly triumph we shout: "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ."

Dear reader, have you felt the trans-

forming touch of the King? Has His love become the motive power of your life? Have you become a citizen of this glorious kingdom? If not, you are still a stranger to life. Receive Him by faith into your heart, and enter upon your life-work with a new-found joy and strength. The bright shining of the King's face will impart to your soul a radiance like the glow of the morning. His presence is the pledge of inward sweetness and peace, the earnest of spiritual power and victory. May His presence go with you until the crowning day!

Winchendon, Mass.

#### CONSECRATED LIFE AND RESULTS

HENRY H. LIPES.

THE life that is in harmony with the teachings and life of Christ will influence every other life with which it comes in contact, ennobling, elevating, and purifying it. The importance of such a life cannot be overestimated. We will doubtless never know in this world all the depths of meaning and scope of application of the blessedness that comes to the person who makes an entire consecration of self to the Lord's service and work. But in the life that lies beyond the confines of time, when the mists and shadows shall have rolled away, we shall have clearer vision of the revelation and life of our blessed Master. When we have risen with Him, and sit with Him in heavenly places, we shall have a truer and nobler conception of the nature and value of a truly consecrated life. Not until then shall we fully appreciate the exhortation of the loving Christ, "Be ye holy, as I am holy." When we are impressed with the need of a deeper consecration of ourselves to the Master's service, human nature begins to assert its claims and inquires: "What shall we have in return? What

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benefit shall we receive in this life?" The same spirit was manifested by the impulsive Peter when he said to Christ, "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed Thee; what shall we have, therefore?" And Jesus answered and said: "Verily I say unto you: There is no man that has left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecution; and in the world to come eternal life." The man who makes full consecration of himself unto the Master need not ask, "What shall I have?" for Christ has promised blessings of material things, as well as spiritual power and enlightenment, which will support him now in this life and make him unspeakably happy in the life beyond the regions of death, which shall be eternal.

Many illustrations might be cited in proof of this great truth. Institutions of learning, charity and mercy have had their beginning, support and completion through the prayers and efforts of God's consecrated children. These institutions, all redolent of Him who when on earth went about doing good, have sprung up as by magic and blessed mankind.

We have a most forcible and beautiful example of all this in the life and work of Henry Foster, M. D., who is the founder and manager of the world-renowned Sanitarium located at Clifton Springs, N. Y. Dr. Foster is one of the most devoted and consecrated men of our acquaintance. Like many others he started out in life with a determination to succeed in business and make a position for himself. He thought he had plans matured that would accomplish this purpose. But it was not long before he discovered that a Divine hand was moving the scenery and causing the best laid plans of man to fail. He believed that God has a plan for all His children, a work for them to do, and that He will, if they are honest, put them in that work, whatever it may be, and make it a work that will bring blessings upon those engaged while at the same time helping others on in life. He believed with all his heart that God had planned the Sanitarium before the builder was born, and had chosen him, with others, to prepare material for its construction out of the things God had provided from the foundation of the world. Perhaps he did not believe all this at first, but God wrought on his heart, and brought him under conviction of sin on this very line of selfish ambition. Then he began to think how he could best serve his God and country. It was soon revealed to him that, first of all, he must make full and entire consecration of himself—all he had or ever hoped to have—unto the Lord. Then it was that God revealed His will; and then and there was brought before his mental and spiritual vision something of God's design concerning his future work. He could now see distinctly in that vision as it passed before him. As he looked upon the whole scene, there were men and women coming from all parts of the world, receiving blessings, and then going home to enjoy life better because health had been restored. Many people were ready to say this was all visionary, only the idle dreams of one building air-castles so extravagantly high that they never could be reached. But with him it was real. He felt that the Spirit of God came into his very being, and was assured that God was talking directly to him; and the only answer he could give was, "Yes, Lord, I will! I will take up the work." But in his own language he said: "I thought I was going to realize it within a few years. Instead of that, God has kept me from the goal longer than He kept the

children of Israel from entering into the Promised Land." But these immense buildings of the Sanitarium, these wonderful facilities for healing all manner of diseases, have materialized because one man made an entire consecration of himself unto the Lord. During all these long years there has been a steady work of grace going on in the Sanitarium. Men and women have not only been healed of their infirmities, but have been brought to know Christ, "whom to know aright is life eternal."

Parish, N. Y.

### SIMPLY A QUESTION OF PROFIT OR LOSS

REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

"WILL Methodism gain more or lose more by adopting the new constitution?" is the burning question now before the Annual Conferences. In its determination the laity have not a word to say, although it concerns them exclusively, for the polity of the church is not to be affected by the change from the old to the new a single iota except as it relates to them. First, they are to elect representatives to the General Conference by a direct vote of the whole church instead of through the quarterly conference. Whether better men will thus be chosen or not, this is more democratic, and it may therefore be counted on the profit side of the ledger. Next comes the provision that no local preacher shall ever again be elected to the episcopacy. Whether this is intended to reflect upon the administration of Bishop William Taylor, a local preacher, or not, is not material; the common Methodist opinion is that he ranks next to Bishop Asbury in abundance of labors, and they wonder why all future General Conferences are to be restricted from utilizing a local preacher in the episcopacy, if two-thirds of the Conference should deem him the best man for the work immediately in hand. Some future emergency may arise both in the

home and in the foreign field when a General Conference may wish to utilize some phenomenal William Taylor, but under the new constitution it cannot. As there is no possible good in this, but a decided possible evil, this must be set down on the loss side of the ledger.

As if this purpose to deprive the church of the future of the services of local preachers in the episcopacy, no matter what their special fitness, were not enough, the new constitution proceeds to say, "Neither shall the church of the future utilize laymen in the Annual Conferences." It was a singular coincidence that only a day or two after the General Conference had deliberately excluded laymen forever from Annual Conferences it, without a dissenting vote, provided that the Japan Annual Conference might be composed in part of laymen. Of course, if the proposed constitution is ratified, Japan must dismiss her laymen. It is the opinion of many eminent ministers that the kind of business to be transacted at the Annual Conferences of the church of the twentieth century could be better done by the aid of laymen; but nothing of the kind can be attempted under the new constitution. This must certainly be set down on the loss side of the ledger, and a very great loss, if half the good may come from it that has resulted from their presence in the General Conference. At all events, might we not trust the good sense of the church of the future?

Local preachers are not complaining that they are by constitution to be excluded hereafter from the episcopacy, neither are the laymen clamoring for a place in the Annual Conferences; but can the church of today restrict the church of the future with propriety? The church of 1808 sought to restrict the church of the future to the "plan" of an itinerant general superintendency, and it has been a source of trouble for three-quarters of a century; the prevailing construction being that that

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meant no Bishop should ever be assigned to a limited territory. But in sheer desperation the late General Conference defined the prevailing interpretation of the "plan," and arbitrarily assigned two Bishops for a term of years to a limited field, and all the others to specific headquarters, with instructions to work as near home as possible, and with the unconcealed intimation that in the near future all of them would be districted in spite of the "plan."

It seems to me unthinkable that any considerable number of the traveling connection of today will consent to the ratification of a constitution which proposes not a single modification of our polity, but the further restriction of the church of the future, and this only as to the right to utilize laymen in any department of church work that the exigencies of the future church may develop. Positively this is all the change proposed by this new constitution. Is there not more loss than gain in this?

*Indianapolis, Ind.*

#### LETTER FROM MISS SHOCKLEY Graphic Picture of Affairs in Tien-Tsin

THE following letter, kindly furnished by Mrs. Alderman, was written by Miss Mary E. Shockley, of Tien-Tsin, China, to Miss Anna E. Steere, who for several years was a missionary in Pekin, but was called home to Indiana to care for an aged father. Miss Shockley, who is a most estimable young lady, was associated with Miss Ella Glover in Tien-Tsin. It is a "plain home letter," not intended for publication; but in these anxious days of waiting for news from the field of "bloody persecution and carnage," it will, we doubt not, be read with the utmost eagerness and interest:—

Troublesome times are upon us. I do not know how much you hear—I suppose the papers are full—but one who has ever been in China cannot put very much confidence in newspaper reports. I'll just give you some of the events as they happened.

May 21.—First outbreak. Burning of Feng-Tai station and bridge between Pao-Ting and Pekin. No foreigners hurt; all left Feng-Tai for Tien-Tsin. The next day we had planned to go to Conference, but could not because the trains did not run in the morning. Next day (Wednesday) seven of our people went up. The men were all heavily armed. I did not go, for I felt that we might be shut up in Pekin an indefinite length of time.

June 4.—Another station burned up between here and Pekin; also an attempt to burn railroad. Our people knew nothing of the trouble (this station, Han-Sun, soldiers were sent to protect, but all fled) until they reached the station in Pekin that morning to return home. The helpers would not return when they heard the news, and returned to compound. The others came on, but the train was late, and they had a narrow escape. The men hung out the windows with their firearms nearly all the way. They were very fortunate getting in when they did, for that was the last train. Mr. Verity, Mr. Hobart and Dr. Terry are all up there yet. The engineer refused to bring them (our party) through, and a fireman took charge of the engine. He said he would start and pull back if there was any trouble. Mr. Pyke, they say, had his blood

up, and told them "they had to pull through, if they had to fight their way inch by inch." Since then two more stations have been burned, the track torn up about fifteen miles this side of Pekin, and no trains running.

June 8.—A guard from Pekin sent to rescue foreigners at Tung-Chou. All reached Pekin safely, reported Tung-Chou in flames, and twenty natives murdered. Our people are to be brought in from Tsun-Hua, but we fear no escort can be furnished.

June 9.—News from Pekin saying the Martins tried to leave Pekin Tuesday, waited five hours at station, and gave it up. If an armored train is run through, all will come down to Tien-Tsin, and Mrs. Jewell will bring her school children. For some reason Mrs. Jewell must be glad she had not sent them home before the trouble began, for in so many places the poor Christians are being murdered. At Han-Sun the Christians met a horrible fate. The Boxers made the villagers kill their own neighbors, saying, "You know the Christians, and we don't. If you don't kill them, we will kill you." In the American Board compound there are seventy refugees of men alone, and I don't know how many women and children. In Mr. Browis' compound there are nineteen. We have only a few women here. They come in telling very pitiful stories, sometimes saying, "I am the only one of my family left; the rest were murdered before my eyes." At one place all the men fled, thinking the Boxers were only after them; but they killed every woman and child left behind. The poor Chinese have got the heaviest end of the load to carry. It is reported that the wires are down between here and Pao-Ting-Fu. No telegram since the 6th, saying, "Not attacked, but in great danger, and Chinese furnishing little or no protection." New troops keep coming in; at Taku over twenty gun-boats. Russians several thousand strong at Shan-Hai-Kuan. Mrs. Lowry of Pao-Ting-Fu went through a few weeks ago on her way home. Mrs. Walter Lowry went with her to Shanghai, and is now here in Tien-Tsin, very much wrought up over the situation in Pao-Ting-Fu, of course. There are eleven foreigners shut up there. Mr. Ed. Lowry came down from beyond Tsun-Hua day before yesterday, and of course cannot go on to Pekin. We are anxiously waiting to see what step the foreign powers will take, and hoping war will soon be declared. We are equal to anything that may arise here, for we are so well provided with troops. We are sorry for Mrs. Verity in Shan-Tung, and it will interfere with Dr. Barrows' home-going if Mr. Verity doesn't get started back soon.

June 10.—More than 2,000 troops have gone to Pekin, seized the train, and will repair road as they go. News from Pekin states that all missionaries are assembled in our compound, and hope to be taken to Legation soon. We are getting ready to receive them down here, and hope they may be here soon.

June 13. Twenty-four hundred troops left Taku and Tien-Tsin Sunday morning for Pekin, and are fixing the roads as they go. Reinforcements have been sent daily, and their number may be nearly doubled by this time. Yesterday they met the Boxers, killed seventy, and have five hundred imprisoned. The Pekin situation is very grave, for they have very few troops for protection. All American missionaries and London missionaries of Pekin are gathered in our north compound. The church has been converted into a fort. Port-holes have been cut in the wall near the roof, where the men can fire down in case of an attack. The gates except one, have been

nailed up, spiked and fixed on the top of the wall, and barbed wire strung on the inside to tangle them up if they succeed in getting over. Twenty marines, afterwards increased to thirty, are guarding, and in case of an attack the Minister has promised to send an escort with machine guns to conduct them to the Legation. We understand the Chinese are collected on the other side, but with no foreign guards except what the missionary gentlemen furnished. We hear the Chinese are preparing for an attack. Guns are placed on the wall near the Yung-Ting men, pointing both ways, which means that they will fire on the Legation if fighting begins.

Our friends from Tsun-Hua arrived safely yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. King and children have gone on to Pei-Pai-He. Dr. Geo. Lowry and Mr. King were shut up in Pekin and unable to get to their families. The messenger reached Tsun-Hua Sunday morning, and they packed and were ready to leave at ten that night, traveled all night and reached Tong-Shan Monday evening. An escort of Chinese soldiers met them beyond Feng-Jen. When they left everything was all quiet in Tsun-Hua, and the officials promised to protect their property. We feel very sorry for Mrs. Verity, for Mr. Verity is shut up in Pekin, as are also Dr. Terry and Mr. Hobart. The Chinese helpers have all left Pekin, and met with no trouble on the way. Our Minister is hopeful for the people at Pao-Ting-Fu, for they have brought so much pressure to bear upon the viceroy. If he don't protect, he knows what to expect.

June 14. The troops no further on the way at the last report, for they find the road in a very bad condition. The Chinese are tearing up the road in front of them. Mr. Ed. Lowry, who started with the troops, was sent back yesterday, as they are expecting a hard time.

June 15. Reported that the troops had another fight and are to abandon the road and march overland. The Russians are to send 1,800 troops this morning. News comes of four chapels burned in the city last night; but as we have only heard it through the Chinese, we don't know whether it is true or not.

Norman Hayner has a light attack of scarlet fever. The Hayners are in the Davis house, and Mrs. George Lowry is with us. News yesterday from Pekin states no change in their situation. They have the chapel provisioned with rice and boiled water, and all are to take refuge there in case of an attack. They are equal to an attack of Boxers, but if the soldiers attack with their large guns, there is no chance of their holding out.

—There is no one to whom God will ever intrust any large and glorious will to do in the future who is not willing to do that little phase of God's will lying very close and very near now. — Robert E. Speer.

#### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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## Maine State Epworth League Convention

The convention was held at Pleasant Street Church, Waterville, July 10-11, and opened with a sincere and unconventional address of welcome from Hon. W. E. Philbrook, mayor of the city. Rev. G. D. Lindsay welcomed the delegates to the church, and President W. S. McGeoch made the response. A vocal solo was rendered by Mr. Snow, and Rev. W. F. Berry then spoke earnest words concerning the Maine Christian Civic League of which he is secretary. The convention sermon was preached by Rev. Luther Freeman, of Portland, who took for his text parts of Genesis 12:2, 3: "I will bless thee . . . be thou a blessing." His theme was a consecrated personality; his words were earnest and inspiring. A business meeting for the appointment of committees on resolutions, nominations, etc., closed the afternoon session.

The evening session opened at 7.30, with music by the Schubert Quartet of Kent's Hill. After prayer was offered by Rev. E. S. J. McAllister, Gen. J. S. Rusling delivered an address on "The March of Methodism," which merited and received the hearty applause of the audience. After the address the audience adjourned to the vestry, where the delegates were received by the reception committee, assisted by the State officers of the League. Refreshments were served, and several musical numbers added to the pleasure of the reception.

The second day of the convention opened with a praise service at 9 A. M., the special feature of which was the solo by Miss Josephine Berry. After reading of the Scriptures by Rev. H. E. Dunnack, there followed the solemn and impressive service of the sacrament. Miss Eva Goodrich sang a solo, and a thoughtful and thought-awakening address was delivered by Rev. J. M. Frost. The Schubert Quartet then rendered a selection. A business meeting followed, at which these officers were elected: President, L. C. Vannah, Bangor; vice-presidents, Rev. G. M. Bailey, Searsport; Mrs. G. W. Butler, Oldtown; Ralph W. Richards, Waterville; Sherman F. Page, Houlton; secretary, Alice M. Lord, Portland; treasurer, F. M. Strout, Portland; superintendent of Junior League, Ethel Lindsay, Waterville. At the close of the forenoon session, the delegates and members of the local chapter boarded special electric cars for Fairfield, where the convention dinner was served at the Gerald. This pleasure, which was so much enjoyed, was made possible by the thoughtfulness and energy of the entertaining chapter.

The convention was again called to order in the Pleasant St. Church at 4 P. M., and, after listening once more to the quartet, the delegates gave closest attention to the eloquent words of Rev. E. S. J. McAllister as he told them what should be their attitude toward the world. After a brief business session, the convention adjourned until 7.30, when an evangelistic service was conducted by Rev. Dr. A. B. Kendig, of Boston. The singing was by the Schubert Quartet and a chorus conducted by S. A. Maxim, of Waterville. The service was very enthusiastic and a fitting close to a con-

vention in which spirituality had been the ever-present theme.

ALICE M. LORD, Sec.

## Ministers' Retreat at Yarmouth

A season of great spiritual profit occurred at Yarmouth Camp-ground, July 9-11, when some twenty-five or thirty ministers came together for two days to "wait upon the Lord" and "renew their strength." The meeting had been carefully planned. The presiding elder of New Bedford District, Rev. T. J. Everett, made the arrangements and was most fortunate in securing such helpers as made the program full of good things, both helpful and inspiring. Just as thoughtful provision was made for the bodily comfort of all who were present. The agent of the Camp-meeting Association, Mr. Isaiah Snow, gave to each one present the free use of a comfortable room and opened the boarding hall and furnished meals at cost. The occasion was for ministers only, but the invitation ignored all denominational lines. While the majority of the preachers present were Methodists, there were some six or eight who represented other churches.

A deeply spiritual tone pervaded the meeting from first to last. During the first hour, and subsequently too, the presiding elder led the assembly into the secret place of the Most High. Rev. David J. Gregg, D. D., of Brooklyn, read two profound and instructive Bible studies on prayer, the one discussing prayer in the life of our Lord Jesus, and the other prayer in the career of Paul. Prof. S. F. Upham in an informal lecture described the minister needed for the twentieth century. Rev. G. S. Butters, in a Bible reading on the epistle of Jude, urged the duty of contending for "the faith which was once delivered to the saints;" and in a subsequent address on "How the preacher may meet the twentieth-century demand for spiritual advancement and the winning of two million converts," gave many practical and helpful suggestions. "The best of all was, God was with us," and His blessing made these days of waiting a rare privilege and means of grace.

W.

## THE CONFERENCES

### MAINE CONFERENCE

#### Augusta District

*Livermore and Hartford.*—This country charge is well served by Rev. Charles W. Dane. It is a circuit, indeed, over high hills and through beautiful valleys. No better and kinder people has any pastor than the farmers of these churches, appreciative, thoughtful and intelligent. They are mindful of the needs of the pastor and family. In turn Mr. Dane is giving them good service. His sermons are well spoken of, and his pastoral work is faithfully done. The current expenses are paid to date, including the presiding elder's claim. Congregations are good, class-meetings and prayer-meetings are well attended, and the prospect is favorable for a year of prosperity. An increase of one in the family brings good cheer to the pastor and his wife. A girl baby came to this home a few weeks ago to gladden their hearts.

*Madison.*—July 19 was a memorable day to the Methodist church here. It was then that the corner-stone of a new edifice was laid. It will be remembered that, last spring, their church was burned, and the people are pushing on toward another church. On Thursday afternoon of above date occurred the public exercises of laying the corner-stone. Several of the pastors from adjoining charges were present, and assisted the pastor, Rev. S. E. Leech, including the presiding elder, who gave the address. The people are working hard and paying well, but they will need every dollar they can get. With all they can obtain, they will not have as good and as large a house as the place demands. This is a booming town. With new mills and factories, and a prospective increase of inhabitants in the near future to double the present number, it will easily be seen that we should have a church proportionately good and commodious to accommodate all who may come to us. It is expected that the church will be completed about Nov. 20, and will cost \$7,500. The seating capacity of the auditorium is three hundred, with a lecture-room and a class-room separated by folding doors from the auditorium.

A word to the wise is sufficient for the present. Will the brethren who have not taken their Church-Aid collection do so at once and forward to Rev. S. E. Leech, for he needs it now. This is a worthy object, and here is a society worthy of help. Do not put off your collection any longer. Take it at once, and cheer the heart of our brother, who is laboring with all his being that the church people may get into their new home before cold weather.

*New Sharon and Mercer.*—Rev. W. L. Phillips is pastor of this beautiful country charge. It is just opposite Industry and Starks, being located on the Sandy River, with broad fields and a level country. This circuit embraces New Sharon, Mercer and Farmington Falls—a distance of fourteen miles from one end of it to the other. Surely the pastor is in labors abundant, but he is equal to the work. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are deservedly popular on this charge. All branches of the work are well cared for. None of it is being looked after more than the children, who are taught the ways of the Lord and trained for future usefulness. We found a happy people and a contented pastor. The prospect is good for a prosperous year. Salvation is the order of the day.

*Industry and Starks.*—Rev. Joseph Moulton is the pastor of this remote and somewhat isolated charge, ten miles from the beautiful village of Farmington, over hills and hard road. On this circuit a pastor needs grit, grace and a strong horse. All things indicate that the present pastor is in possession of these blessings. Hard work, small pay, a broken country and a poor town bearing a heavy war debt, are some

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of the things that a preacher has to meet. Our brother is not discouraged, but hopeful and trusting in the Lord that good things may yet come in a greater abundance in the near future. Just over the hills, four miles away, is the quiet little village of Starks, another part of the charge. It was the privilege of the presiding elder, on a recent Sunday, to conduct a love-feast, administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper twice, preach three times and take a carriage ride of seven miles, to say nothing of praying and singing. Rev. Joseph Moulton is on his fourth year, which is more than any of his predecessors can say of this charge.

**Wayne.**—Rev. W. T. Chapman, on a recent Sunday, baptized five children, which was something new and strange for this place. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember if there was ever before a case of infant baptism in this church, or even in the town.

**Rumford Centre and Andover.**—Rev. W. E. Purinton is having a good time. He has recently baptized 15 converts, and 6 new ones have started on the Christian way since Conference. The fire is burning, and God is saving souls on this charge. C. A. S.

## VERMONT CONFERENCE

### St. Johnsbury District

**Barre** had 9 additions by letter this month. The work of canceling their church debt and purchasing a new pipe organ is taking form, and we expect to hear a shout of deliverance there this year. Barre will greatly miss the presence and labors of Mrs. Vaughn, who has in so many ways added to the success of the work there. She goes with her husband, an engineer, to their former home in Wisconsin. On July 22 the pulpit was supplied by Rev. K. J. Gale, of Island Pond, who was on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Gale, of Barre. The pastor visited his former parish at Island Pond.

**West Burke.**—Rev. George A. Emery is expected in his pulpit on the 29th. He sailed from Liverpool on his home trip, July 19. Pulpit services have not been suspended at all during his absence.

**Groton** is looking up, with good congregations and a spirit of labor. **Westville**, associated with Groton, is flourishing and good promise of future growth appears.

**St. Johnsbury.**—The reception for Bishop and Mrs. Parker, July 19, was a decided success. Twelve of our preachers with their wives were present and five without wives, most of the local pastors, and a large number of St. Johnsbury people. Dr. Fairbanks spoke most pleasantly for the local clergy, Mrs. Ruthy Fairbanks for the ladies and the missionary auxiliaries, H. N. Turner for the laity, Rev. J. O. Sherburn for the Vermont Conference, and Rev. Thomas Tyrie for the pastors of other days, the Bishop responding in his own royal and genuine fashion. Those who made excuses for not attending not only missed a rare visit and most generous collation by the Grace Church ladies, but a capital talking time as well.

**Newport.**—Rev. J. Hamilton and wife have returned to their work after three weeks in Canada among relatives. Their daughter Alice has been spending some time with friends in Marshfield, Cabot and St. Johnsbury.

**Lowell.**—After supplying here most of the time for the first quarter, Rev. C. W. Morse, of Newport Center, who has been out of the work some years on account of ill health, takes it up regularly for the rest of the year at the very cordial and united request of the people.

**Newport Center** is pushing for a new parsonage, with good prospect of speedy success in the enterprise. We greatly need at least eight on as many small charges on the district. Several of our parsonages can no longer furnish comfortable quarters for our pastors.

**Marshfield** is this week negotiating an exchange of parsonage property, to secure better facilities and a pastor's home nearer the church. The property in view is known as the Daniel Halcomb house.

**Montpelier Seminary.**—Rev. C. O. Judkins has been giving some characteristic and telling addresses on the south part of the district, at Marshfield, Cabot, Groton, and other points, in behalf of Montpelier Seminary and to rouse the young people to push for higher culture. Other

pastors are putting in a week each at the same task. The presiding elder began his work on that line at Greensboro, July 21, and found one fine young man from Stannard for the school.

**Summer Conditions.**—Pastors at St. Johnsbury, Hardwick, Barre, Irasburg, and perhaps others, are just off for their vacations, leaving those who are too busy and too poor to "vacate" to hold the fort and man the work as best they can. The presence of these brethren will be greatly missed at the Lyndonville meeting, which opens Aug. 20. However, good workers are left, and "he that reapeth receiveth wages." J. O. S.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

### Manchester District

**North Salem.**—This church is doing good work with Rev. C. A. Reed as pastor. Mrs. Reed has quite a name as an adept in the management of a Sunday-school as superintendent. She has a good "grip" on the young folks in the community. A Junior League is contemplated in the near future. Dr. Babcock supplied for the presiding elder at this place, July 21-22.

**Derry, First Church,** with Rev. J. W. Adams as pastor, is in the way of the good "trying to climb up Zion's hill." The pastor and his wife have recently called on all the people of this charge. Reports of the Epworth League and the Sunday-school were encouraging, and the class-meeting has an average, which, we doubt not, will excel in the entire Conference. Recently one person joined this church by letter. Mr.

Adams was pastor here in his early ministry and had a glorious revival. We all hope for another equally as great.

**West Derry.**—Dr. Babcock, the pastor, has recently received five persons by letter, and several more are ready to come in from probation. There is a fine working League here—a great help to the pastor. Dr. Babcock and wife have gone to Philadelphia to visit friends. The doctor will spend July 26-29 at Ocean Grove, where the National Temperance Society will have an outing and celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their work. On the 28th Bishop FitzGerald will give the address of welcome and Dr. Babcock will give the response.

**Personal.**—Rev. G. W. Norris, whom we so much miss from the active ranks this year, is slowly gaining in health and strength. His mind and soul are as much interested in the work, apparently, as when he led a district of earnest workers in the conflict against Satan and sin. C.

### Concord District

**Tilton.**—A contract has been made with the Penn Metal Ceiling Company for a steel ceiling for the audience-room of the church, and for frescoing the walls. They have also decided to varnish all the inside woodwork and paint the outside of the church one coat. While the work is being done services will be held in the vestry. The pastor has been voted the Sundays of Aug. 26 and Sept. 3 as a vacation.

**Bow and Bow Mills.**—Rev. Henry Candler is doing faithful service for this people. He is re-



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warded by seeing an increase in the number present at the preaching services and the prayer-meetings. The claim is nearly paid to date.

**Chichester.**—Like most of the charges, this church has paid more than at the same time a year ago. Congregations keep up well. Rev. J. A. Steele is enjoying the work and is diligently pursuing it for the fourth year.

**Suncook.**—The pastor and family have just returned from a most enjoyable vacation of nearly three weeks at Sunapee Lake, where they are the happy possessors of a cottage. All the work moves well here. Financially they are a hundred dollars in advance of a year ago.

**Penacook.**—The need of a new church here is more and more felt, and will be until one is built. Strangers coming into the place wonder why the Methodists worship in a hall. They go in once or twice and then seek a church. Any one who opposes a new church project stands in the way of the success of this society for the years to come. The people are able to do a good thing if they will. Rev. E. N. Jarrett is pushing the work with all his energy. B.

## EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

### Bangor District

**Dexter and Ripley.**—The pastor, Rev. O. H. Fernald, D. D., has been in rather poor health since Conference, and is now spending a few weeks at his summer home in Southwest Harbor. It is hoped he will return much improved and be able to prosecute his work as heretofore. His people are kind and courageous, and so the work goes on.

**East Corinth and Corinth.**—A happy and contented man is the pastor of this excellent people. They are in the habit of paying their pastor once a month. Dr. Worth, the treasurer, rides into the door yard regularly, and hands over the required amount. Of course all departments of work are prosperous, and we wish many of our charges might catch this method of paying the bills. Rev. I. H. Lidstone enters upon his second year with most excellent courage.

**Dover.**—Quarterly conference notes: Things are going well. Last Sunday 16 were baptized, and 6 joined the church; others are to follow soon. Sunday-school attendance, average 90; home department, 65; Epworth League, 78 members and increasing; Junior League flourishing. Congregations are excellent and class-meetings largely attended. It is a delight to come into such a quarterly conference. Last year the pastor's salary was overpaid \$75, and this year it is advanced that amount. Rev. J. H. Irvine is loud in his praise of this people, all of which they merit.

**Forest City, Lambert Lake and Vanceboro.**—Rev. S. O. Young is the new and happy pastor. The work never opened better. All departments are drawing, and we see no reason why this may not be a profitable year.

**Fort Fairfield.**—There are no complaints and no appeals to be heard or suggested in this quarterly conference. The salary is advanced, and the pastor granted a vacation to suit himself. The salary is paid to Aug. 1. Congregations crowd the house. All is prosperous. Rev. R. A. Colpitts is the happy pastor.

**Hodgdon and Linneus.**—Rev. Wilson Lermond enters upon his second year with this people. He says he has plenty to do, and, we add, has a disposition to do it, and so the work is going well. We hope to see a great revival on this charge this year.

**Limestone.**—A very pleasant evening was spent with this people and the pastor, Rev. E. S. Burrill. The salary was advanced. People and pastor are full of courage, and Limestone is coming to the front. The new parsonage is getting to be a gem, for the pastor looks right after all deficiencies, and is fixing things up.

**Houlton.**—Pastor Phelan and his people are just enjoying a rest. After three years of debt-paying and repairing they are taking breath. We looked around and asked: What next? A little more debt wiped out this year and one hundred souls converted will be a good showing.

**Mattawamkeag.**—Rev. D. R. Pierce has gathered about himself a strong and faithful band, who are devoted to all that is good. Sabbath desecration and the saloon are the principal

foes. The battle is hard, but they are bound to win. They deserve the prayers and the hearty co-operation of all lovers of good order and common decency. Shall the saloon triumph?

**Mapleton.**—Crowded houses and a good interest are always seen here. All parties seem contented. Rev. C. W. Wallace is the esteemed pastor.

**Mars Hill and Bridgewater.**—Rev. J. L. Nelson and wife have made a good impression. We trust the year will be a fruitful one. It is a new but very promising charge.

**Monticello and Littleton.**—Patient, persistent and consecrated service brings forth fruit. Rev. E. V. Allen enters upon the year with vigor and strong hopes. He enjoyed a respite at the Hub, where he saw his brother graduated, and was greatly refreshed. We believe the year will be a good one.

**Moro and Hersey.**—An excellent opening for a new charge. Rev. W. F. Campbell returned from his trip South for his health greatly benefited, and enters upon his work with cheerfulness and vigor. We look for good things.

**Orono and Stillwater.**—There is not a ripple to be seen on this charge. Rev. W. B. Dukeshire has found a large place in all hearts. Congregations are fine. The Sabbath-school, under the efficient superintendency of Prof. Woods, keeps right up. President A. W. Harris and wife are visiting many places of note in Europe, including the Paris Exposition, on their bicycles. They will not return until September.

**Washburn.**—Rev. I. G. Cheney enters upon his work delightfully. A parsonage, which is much needed, will doubtless be purchased or built in the near future. The prospects on this charge are excellent.

**Danforth.**—A pleasant quarterly conference with this people and pastor. Rev. I. H. W. Wharff seemed happy, and we hope for a good year.

**Smyrna Mills.**—Sunday, July 22, was a happy day to the people of this community, and will not soon be forgotten by them. At an early hour the church was filled to repletion. Two beautiful children were baptized, and following them 17 adults received the same rite at the altar from the presiding elder. In the afternoon 2 were baptized in the river and a young lady at her home by Rev. G. H. Hamilton, aggregating 22. This is the fruit of a blessed revival last winter. Rev. O. A. Goodwin and wife led them to the altar, and now greatly rejoice to witness their faithfulness. They will soon unite with the church—a strong and good addition thereto. The work is greatly prospering on this charge.

**Hartland and St. Albans.**—Rev. C. E. Petersen is right after the work in these places, and seems determined to have a good year. It is an encouraging field for service.

**Wanted.**—Three good, bright, consecrated young men are wanted on Bangor District. A good chance for the right men in new and promising fields. E. H. B.

## NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

### Boston District

**People's Temple, Boston.**—The supplies at People's Temple for August are: Aug. 5, Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., of St. Louis, Mo.; Aug. 12, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, of East Pepperell; Aug. 19, Dr. Daniel Dorchester, of West Roxbury; Aug. 26, Presiding Elder Perrin. W.

**Worcester, Trinity.**—Dr. Dean S. Ellis and his wife, a daughter of Dr. Emerson Warner, are having an enviable trip to Europe, though it is one that long years of arduous service certainly merit. Contrary to the course of most tourists, our friends start in by way of Northern Europe and "do" Scandinavia before entering Great Britain and the Continent. They have already been away more than two months, and will not return for some time yet. Dr. Warner looks after the absent doctor's practice while he is away. This is a fair turn about, since Dr. Ellis has repeatedly taken up Dr. Warner's duties while he was off on his globe-trotting excursions. A miss is ever called as good as a mile, but Trinity is thankful that the call was no closer when recently fire broke out in the hotel opposite and for a time endangered this, our only Main St. edifice. July 22 Dr. King preached a timely dis-

course on Sabbath observance—timely because the tendency is to rob the workingman of his only day of rest. Unthinkingly, the laborer himself is sawing off the limb on which he sits. Too late he will find that the capitalist, in his greed for gain, has robbed him of the 'one day he might call his own. Dr. King has been invited to speak in October at the convention of the State Sunday-school Association in Pittsfield. Trinity had a large audience when Ballington Booth for more than one hour discoursed on the ends and aims of the Volunteers of America.

**Quarterly Conferences.**—Presiding Elder Perrin has been in the city, and has held conferences at Webster Square and Coral Street. He found most satisfactory conditions in both churches, and did not hesitate to tell the people so. Pastor Kingsley of the Square, and Pastor Sanderson at Coral St. came in for some words of deserved praise. They are hard workers all the time. Early and late they are out and about, and if success does not attend them it will not be their fault.

**Debt-paying** promises to be an ever-present calling in this city. The Twentieth Century Commission for Worcester has just held a meeting and has decided to have each church devote its energies to the defrayment of its own obligations. The mission enterprises are now free except Park Street, but for this the money has been subscribed and "Bishop" Sanderson is out for the same with undiminished zeal. He should be rewarded with the biggest reception that Worcester Methodism ever gave when, at last, he is able to report every obligation settled. He will do it sure. QUIT.

## N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

### Brockton and Vicinity

**Brockton, Winthrop Square.**—Mrs. M. E. Fernald, matron of the Chi Psi Lodge, Wesleyan University, Middletown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Bolster, 14 Harrison Avenue.

**Brockton, Central.**—Dr. Kaufman is receiving the felicitations of his friends on his appoint-



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ment as delegate to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in London, Sept. 4-17, 1901.

**Brockton, Pearl Street.**—Mr. Isaac Poole, a faithful worker in our church, was tendered a party by his children and grandchildren, Friday, July 13, in honor of his 75th birthday. Mr. Osborne's family has a noble army record. His grandfather, Thomas Osborne, served in the War of Revolution, while his father and his seven brothers were in the War of 1812. Mr. Osborne was a soldier in the Civil War, and was under fire in at least three battles. On Friday, July 13, the Literary department of the Epworth League had a delightful excursion to Plymouth. The new parsonage will soon be completed.

**Holbrook.**—Lewis Alden, a prominent member of our church, has been appointed special agent of the Census Bureau to collect manufacturing statistics in this district. Rev. W. J. Kelly, the pastor, is at his post, pushing the work of God.

**Whitman.**—A new plan for maintaining interest in the mid-week prayer-meetings during the heated term has been inaugurated here with excellent success. Neighboring ministers are invited to conduct the service. On July 13 Rev. John Pearce, of East Bridgewater, was the leader, and his presence and address were an inspiration. On July 19 Rev. William Kirkby and Josephus Sampson, of East Braintree, were present. Mr. Kirkby led the meeting, while Mr. Sampson gave a thrilling recital of his experiences. It was good to be there.

**East Bridgewater.**—July 25 the Sunday-school had a picnic at Island Grove, Abington.

**Brockton, Franklin Street.**—Rev. John N. Patterson and family are spending their vacation at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard.

G. E. B.

#### Providence District

**East Providence, Haven Church.**—At this church the work is favorably progressing through the assistance of the ample accommodations of the new building. On May 27 the pastor addressed Bucklin Post G. A. R. and allied organizations, and on June 24 he preached the sermon before the graduating class of the high school and their friends. Two of the students have recently begun the Christian life in this church. Increased attendance upon the various services and increased interest in all departments of church work encourage all. The church have voted the pastor, Rev. C. S. Davis, the month of August for much-needed rest and vacation.

**Phenix.**—The annual convention of the Providence District Epworth League was held here July 10. A large number of delegates and visitors were in attendance. At 9.45 President Wheeler called the convention to order, and greetings were offered by the local pastor, Rev. F. L. Streeter, to which response was made by President Wheeler. The holy communion was administered by Dr. Bass, presiding elder. Reports of the cabinet officers showed progress in numbers and in efficient service on the part of the Leagues. In the afternoon there were ten-minute addresses on the general topic, "The Church and Epworth League in Co-operation." A number of short and helpful addresses were given by invited speakers, and in the evening a love-feast was conducted by Rev. J. N. Geisler, of Hope, R. I. Bishop Parker of India delivered the principal address. He spoke interestingly of the young people's movement in India. Rev. J. O. Randall, Conference president, then installed the following officers: President, Everett Salisbury, of Phenix; vice-presidents Miss Ella Starbuck, East Greenwich, Miss A. M. Latham, Hope, Mrs. Lanta Wilson Smith, Newport, Miss L. Luther, Bristol; recording secretary, E. J. Horton, Providence; corresponding secretary, Rev. Joseph Cooper, Centerville; treasurer, R. H. Walker, Providence; superintendent of Junior Work, Miss R. N. Haydon, East Weymouth. KARL.

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Remember this: No other medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. When you want a good medicine, get Hood's.

#### To Our Subscribers

The Boston Clearing House Association has made a new Collection Schedule, which went into effect July 1. On account of this it will be necessary for those who send us checks in payment of their subscriptions to send ten cents additional or obtain a draft on Boston, Providence, New York or Philadelphia. We cannot accept checks on which there is a charge for collection unless the cost of collection is included.

### CHURCH REGISTER

#### HERALD CALENDAR

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| New Haven District Camp-meeting at Plainville,               | July 22-30      |
| Hedding Chautauqua Assembly and Summer School,               | July 30-Aug. 17 |
| Richmond (Me.) Camp-meeting,                                 | Aug. 3-13       |
| Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting at Foxcroft, Me.,            | Aug. 6-13       |
| Yarmouth Camp-meeting,                                       | Aug. 6-13       |
| Littleton Camp-meeting,                                      | Aug. 11-20      |
| Weirs Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 13-18      |
| Allen Camp-meeting, Strong, Me.,                             | Aug. 13-19      |
| East Livermore Camp-meeting,                                 | Aug. 13-20      |
| Bunker Hill Camp-meeting, Maxfield, Me.,                     | Aug. 13-20      |
| Morrisville (Vt.) Camp-meeting,                              | Aug. 13-20      |
| Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,                              | Aug. 19-26      |
| Claremont Camp-meeting,                                      | Aug. 20-25      |
| East Poland Camp-meeting,                                    | Aug. 20-27      |
| North Anson Camp-meeting,                                    | Aug. 20-27      |
| Willimantic Camp-meeting,                                    | Aug. 20-27      |
| Lyndonville (Vt.) Camp-meeting,                              | Aug. 20-27      |
| Empire Grove Camp-meeting,                                   | Aug. 20-27      |
| Sheldon (Vt.) Camp-meeting,                                  | Aug. 20-27      |
| Laurel Park, Northampton, Camp-meeting,                      | Aug. 20-27      |
| Northport (Me.) Camp-meeting,                                | Aug. 20-27      |
| Wilnot Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 27-31      |
| Hedding Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 27-Sept. 1 |
| Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,                                   | Aug. 27-Sept. 3 |
| STERLING CAMP-GROUND:  |                 |
| Epworth League Assembly,                                     | Aug. 22-26      |
| Annual Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 27-31      |
| Swedish Camp-meeting,  | Sept. 1-3       |
| YARMOUTH CAMP-GROUND:  |                 |
| Musical Day,   | July 31         |
| Temperance Day,  | Aug. 1          |
| Sunday-school Day,   | Aug. 2          |
| Missionary Day,  | Aug. 5          |
| Groveton Camp-meeting,                                       | Sept. 3-7       |
| New Hampshire Conf. Ep. League Convention at Concord, N. H., | Sept. 26, 27    |

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#### Marriages

NITSCHKE—MEINEHT—In Dedham, July 23, by Rev. E. W. Virgin, Ernest Nitschke and Augusta Paulina Meineht, all of Dedham.

SNYDER—JACKSON—In Windsor, Me., June 22, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, by Rev. C. W. Lowell, Peter S. Snyder and Mrs. Anna M. Jackson, both of Windsor, Me.

CARLISLE—GRINDLE—At the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Surry, Me., July 25, by Rev. Melvin S. Preble, Tylor W. Carlisle, of Surry, and Lydia B. Grindle, of Orland, Me.

RIGGS—HEAL—In Portsmouth, N. H., June 6, by Rev. Robert L. Duston, Kervin W. Riggs and Mrs. Margaret J. Heal, both of Georgetown, Me.

NORWICH DISTRICT STEWARDS' MEETING will be held at the Niantic House, Willimantic Camp-ground, Friday, Aug. 24, at 1 p. m. Per order president, Rev. G. H. Bates.

E. D. NEWBURY, Sec.

#### Prophylactic

This unusual word has come into almost common use since its adoption as a trademark by the Prophylactic Tooth-Brush. It means "prevents disease" and this is just what this tooth-brush does, because it cleans between the teeth—no other does. It is for sale by all druggists.

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As you know, the Boston & Maine Railroad traverses this great Mountain Vacation Region, and the Mountain literature issued by its Passenger Department comprises an encyclopaedia of New Hampshire's Mountains, which you can obtain by sending a two-cent stamp to the General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and with it will be sent you a book of tours, which you will find to be replete with the information you are looking for regarding vacation. Send for them.

#### A British Piece

Our English cousins have a piece of furniture which we do not often see in this country. It is called an "Occasional" table, and is made to fit into the many situations where a centre table is too large and a tabourette too small. One of these "Occasional" tables has been secured by the Paine Furniture Company, and they have brought out a very handsome line of designs of this new piece.



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## OBITUARIES

Nearer and dearer are the blessed dead  
Than we are wont to think,  
When with farewells and tears we bow the head  
Beside that solemn brink.  
Tell me, thou child of grief—canst thou not see  
With clearer eyes than then?  
Tell me if love—thy love—can ever be  
A thing of earth again?

O eyes that God hath cleansed with sacred tears!  
O hearts by sorrow tuned!  
Ye see and love as never all those years,  
While ye with flesh communed.  
O comforting, sweet thought—that though we  
stand  
On death-divided shores,  
Love still can stretch to us its angel hand,  
And lay its heart on ours.

—James Buckham.

**French.**—Warren French was born in Salisbury, Mass., Jan. 31, 1829, and died at his home in East Boston, Mass., May 29, 1900.

Mr. French's father was Capt. Nicholas French, and his mother was Esther Deal, both of old Massachusetts stock. At the age of sixteen he left home to care for himself, working at his trade as a carpenter in Newburyport and Lowell. He then engaged in the fish business in Baltimore. Subsequently he returned to New England, and was engaged in business in East Boston at the time of his death. In 1849 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore. In 1851 he united with Trinity Church, Charlestown. From that church he came to Saratoga St. Church, East Boston, where for years he has been very active in all the work of the church. For many years he was treasurer of the board of stewards and also a trustee. He was a fine type of the modest, retiring, yet most useful Christian man. He was devout, loyal, diligent and faithful, and his memory will be a benediction to his host of friends.

In 1851 he was united in marriage with Susan A. Pike, and to them were born six children—George R.; Hattie S. Merrill, of Salisbury; Esther F., who died in December, 1882; Nellie; Louise B. Goodwin; and Susie W.

The funeral services were at the residence, 203 East Lexington St., and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Frederic Woods in the absence of the pastor.  
CHARLES A. CRANE.

**Howland.**—Mrs. Mary Harvey Howland passed from the home of her daughter, Mrs. George W. Howes, in Worcester, Mass., to her heavenly home, Saturday, June 2, 1900.

She was born in Stafford Hollow, Conn., Oct. 22, 1812, the daughter of Amos and Esther Harvey. She was happily married to Marcus Howland, Dec. 18, 1830, and at about that time experienced religion, uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their home has been in Stafford Springs, Conn., nearly all of these years, where they have been most exemplary members of the church. Having been prospered in business enterprises, they were always among the most generous supporters of the church and equally interested in all of its spiritual life! She was an interested and regular attendant upon the Sunday-school until within a very few years. Her Bible was read and reread. While she was fond of other reading, this formed her chief study through all the years of her life. ZION'S HERALD had been carefully read by her for more than half a century. To the last she retained the full vigor of her fine mental powers, so that it was a pleasure to converse with her. Hers was a rarely beautiful character—"a Christian wife, mother and neighbor whose memory will always be a benediction in the community in which she has lived." Though one of a large family, she was the last survivor. Three daughters remain—Jennie M., wife of Marcus C. Spencer, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Emma F., wife of Marcus B. Flisk, of Stafford Springs

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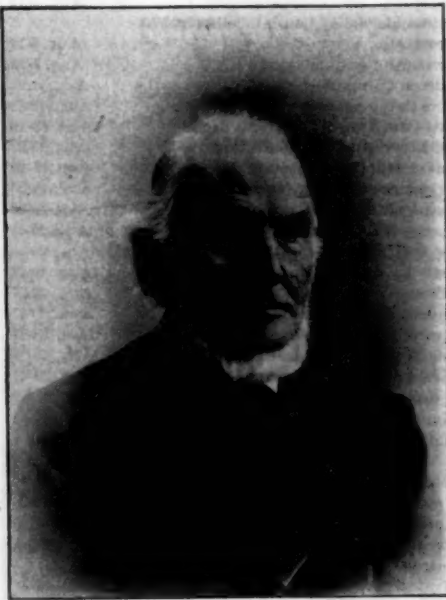
Conn.; and Clara H., widow of George W. Howes, of Worcester, Mass.

The funeral services were in charge of Rev. J. I. Bartholomew, of South Manchester, in the absence of her pastor.

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH.

**Wentworth.**—Rev. Lewis Wentworth, son of Andrew and Sally Wentworth, was born in Embden, Me., July 13, 1823, and died in Clinton, Me., June 14, 1900.

Though early advantages for securing an education were limited, yet by industry and perseverance Mr. Wentworth had qualified himself at the age of twenty years as a teacher in the public schools. His parents being devoted Christian people, home influences were well suited to prepare him for future usefulness and success in life. Before the age of twelve years



REV. LEWIS WENTWORTH

he made a public profession of religion, and three years later was baptized and received into full connection in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Almost from the beginning of his Christian life he felt that he was called to the work of the Gospel ministry, and, after much serious thought and earnest prayer, he requested and obtained from the quarterly conference of his home church an exhorter's license. This was in 1840. For the next three years he employed his talents wherever opportunity was afforded, in the service of the Lord; and in the summer of 1843, at a quarterly meeting held at East Vassalboro by Rev. Elisha Streeter, he received a license to preach. The winter following, and also during the winter of '44-'45, he was engaged in teaching school, and in the spring of '45 was admitted on trial into the Maine Conference and stationed as junior preacher on the Columbia and Addison Circuit, of which the senior preacher was Rev. F. A. Crafts. The following year he was appointed to South Penobscot, and in September of the same year he was married to Mary L. Hawes, of Vassalboro, Me. In 1847 he was ordained deacon at the Conference in Saco and stationed at Deer Isle; in '48 was appointed to Montville, where his health failed, and at the Conference of 1849 he was placed on the list of superannuated preachers. In 1850 he located, and sustained this relation until 1858, when he was re-admitted and stationed at Rockport where he remained two years. His other appointments were as follows: 1860, Windsor and Week's Mills; '61 and '62, North Vassalboro; '63, Clinton. He also preached part of the time during the period of his location: in '55 on the East Vassalboro and China charge, '56 at Windsor, and '57 at South Vassalboro. He was ordained elder at Camden by Bishop Morris in 1858. In the month of August, 1863, while pastor at Clinton, he fell from a load of hay in the field and suffered a serious injury to his spine. From that time to the day of his death he was laid aside from active labor, though he preached occasionally as a supply and attended many funerals. He had officiated during his ministerial life at 211 marriage ceremonies.

No one can ever know the disappointment which this great affliction must have caused

him. To be taken from his work at the most useful and vigorous period of life, to remain in enforced quiet for so many years when doubtless his heart was longing to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, was indeed a trial of faith through which but few have been called to pass. But he stood the test; his trust and confidence remained unshaken, and he ever had a firm belief in the overruling Providence of God. In January, 1876, he wrote these words: "For nearly twelve years I have been on the list of worn-out or sick ministers—years of intense suffering and nervous prostration—until, at this date, I have given up all hope of ever standing again in the ranks of effective laborers in the Gospel ministry. These have been years of severe trial and discipline, but through all the kind Father has led me, and the lessons of His love and grace have taught me that I am safe with Him. My hope was never brighter or prospect more fair than it has been for the past three years. Although I can only claim that I am an unprofitable servant, yet I have this witness, that I am a sinner saved by grace. Washed in the atoning blood, I recline with sweetest trust in the arms of my Heavenly Father, willing to leave it all to Him, to mold and fashion me after His own mind and will, and assured that all things work together for my good because I know I love Him."

Mr. Wentworth's wife died five years ago last April. He is survived by a half-brother, Daniel Wentworth, of China, and a half-sister, Mrs. Sarah Conforth, of Clinton. For the past thirty-seven years he had resided in Clinton, where he was universally respected and esteemed. He was always a true friend to the church, and, as far as possible, a faithful attendant upon its services. Death came suddenly, but it found him ready and waiting.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Clinton, Sunday morning, June 17. They were conducted by Rev. A. H. Hanscom, and were largely attended. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

A. H. HANSCOM.

**Osborne.**—Mrs. Ellen Dora Nash Osborne, wife of Edward P. Osborne, of Neponset, Mass., was born in Weymouth, Mass., July 6, 1856, and died at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Cyrus Washburn, in Wellesley Hills, April 12, 1900.

Mrs. Osborne was brought up by her aunt as a loved daughter from early childhood until her marriage to Mr. Osborne, and the home of Uncle Cyrus, to whom she was greatly attached, was always home to her. She was a dear, devoted, true friend, daughter, wife and mother, with many winning and lovable qualities.

Her sickness was long, but was borne patiently. Until the summer of 1899 she had never espoused the cause of Christ, but through the influence of dear friends with whom she stopped a few months in Greenville, Maine, she was happily converted, and died trusting in her Saviour and feeling that all was right. She

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was baptized and joined the church on probation under Rev. E. T. Curnick, but passed away before her term of probation had ended.

Her mother, Mrs. Ellen Nash, her husband and daughter Lillian, remain to lament their loss.

FRANCIS J. WAGNER.

**Milliken.**—Mrs. Amanda Clark Milliken, daughter of John and Judith Clark, of Moultonboro, N. H., was born July 15, 1816, and "went home," Jan. 29, 1900.

The comparatively small advantages for an education with which she was favored were eagerly utilized for the cultivation of a mind that was above the average, and she early became, what she continued to be to the end of her days, an earnest, practical Christian. While visiting two sisters—wives of Col. John and William Trafton—at Shapleigh, Me., she became acquainted with John Simpson, a young itinerant, who had been transferred that year from the New York to the Maine Conference, and stationed at Shapleigh. In 1839 they were united in marriage, and together they went forth to zealously labor for the salvation of souls. But his labors were soon cut short by consumption. He had only served at five appointments—Shapleigh, Gorham, Kittery, Scarboro and Bridgton—when he was obliged to locate; and in a few years she was left a widow with two small children. The elder—Mrs. Emily Smith, of Newton Centre, Mass.—is still living. The younger—Dr. John H. Simpson—died some years since in California.

In 1850 Mrs. Simpson became the second wife of Sewall Milliken, of Scarboro, Me., a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that place, a man of good sense, quiet, but strong in his convictions of right, and living up to them. Together they efficiently labored for the cause of God in that place, until he was removed by death in 1882. Three children blessed this union—Mrs. Hattie Norris, who died in Boston in 1885, and two sons, Ezra and Joshua Milliken, still living in Scarboro.

Mrs. Milliken was a woman of great originality and independence of character, actively, practically benevolent and self-sacrificing. Her gifts to God's cause were always large in proportion to her means, though not often brought to public notice, as when her pastor enthused the Maine Conference into a large collection for missions by a recital of how she—a poor widow with two small children to support—had given him five dollars for the cause, that she had saved for a winter cloak. But while devoted to the interests of her local church, her large heart went out toward every effort for good that she could help. The work of the Immigrant Home, the Italian Mission, and Little Wanderers' Home in Boston interested her greatly as well as home and foreign missions in general.

Her last years were spent in much weakness of both body and mind, but her strong will triumphed over many disabilities. A severe cold accelerated her decline, and after some weeks' illness she failed one day to awaken from a sleep into which she had fallen. While friends were gathered about the poor earth-worn body, to join in the last services of love and respect, a dreary winter storm was raging, but the emancipated soul was basking in the summerland of eternity. The vines and flowers that loving hands had placed about her lifeless form were but faint emblems of the verdure and bloom on which her eyes were then feasting; and the hymns that were sung over her coffin could only suggest the rapturous songs of praise that she was helping to sing. The far-reaching results of her life's influence was the fitting theme of the discourse at her funeral.

Her remains have been recently interred by the grave of her first husband, Rev. John Simpson, at Alfred, Me.

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### The Mission of the Microbe

IN the reading of his paper on the germ theory, "Are Bacilli the Cause of Disease, or a Natural Aid in Its Cure?" before the American Association of Scientists at the 1900 meeting at Washington, D. C., in May, Dr. Charles E. Page created quite a sensation by the character and force of his protest against the generally accepted teachings of the schools concerning the cause of certain disorders. The text of his remarkable paper was: "Does the cesspool breed the worms, or the worms the cesspool?" Quoting several eminent medical men who hold similar views on this important question, Dr. Page declared the germ theory as at present held by the profession generally to be another instance of "cart before the horse." His position was stoutly defended by several physicians present, and as stoutly refuted by others, and the paper excited more interest and discussion than any other presented before this distinguished body of thinkers.

Dr. Page averred that a so-called pathogenic microbe entering the healthy animal body, whether by accident or with malice prepense, stood about as good a chance of doing mischief as a mouse, in a tight room, surrounded by a dozen hungry cats; the idea being that the body in health is safeguarded by means of its various germicidal fluids, as saliva, gastric and intestinal juices, etc., and even the blood itself, peopled as it is with its myriads of phagocytes, always abundant and forever on guard against such encroachments. On the other

hand, in diseased states of the body, the so-called germs of disease, the microbes, under this, that, or the other name, are scavengers of waste and effete matter, and actually one of nature's means of eliminating disease-producing substances, just as the worms swarming in the cesspool, or in the decaying carcass on the plains, are useful in their way. First, the animal body becomes diseased with filth, the product of indigestion and mal-assimilation, perhaps, or lungs undergoing fatty degeneration from lack of sufficient exercise in fresh air, or what not; then the scavenging microbes act as aids in the saving of life.

Now, if the physician be wise as to the real condition, and in his measures for helping nature, or the animal organism, his procedures, plus those of the microbes, will usually effect a cure; but if he bend his energies to the destruction of his allies it may mean, and too often does mean, the destruction of his patient. The reader gave an illustration of this by citing two fatalities occurring in the practice of one eminent physician who succeeded in exterminating the tubercle bacilli in two consumptive patients: one of the patients died in eight, and the other in ten, days after the total disappearance of the germs!"—*Transcript*.

### A Christian Industrial League

MR. EDITOR: It has often occurred to me that if city pastors and city missionaries would only co-operate with the pastors of country churches for the salvation of families and young people, many of our young men and women who are drifting to ruin in the cities would be saved.

If we would hold our promising youth in our

churches, we must help them along industrial lines as well as in securing an education. We should help them to obtain employment. This could be done in hundreds of cases, and bring results which would be appreciated by many and be the means of saving them.

A bureau of information should be established, by which the city pastors could keep in touch with many families who have either moved, or contemplate moving, to their city and are seeking employment. In this way our young men and women would be provided with employment in many cases, and a reputable boarding place secured for them.

Every pastor in country and village churches would be glad to fill a blank containing such questions in reference to the number of families, or members of families, who expect to move to the cities, and whether they have secured employment where they expect to reside, etc. In this way the city missionary or pastor would be brought in touch with those whom he wishes to reach.

"A Christian Industrial League" of this kind, composed of the pastors of all denominations, would materially assist in the solution of many moral problems, and the "spheres of influence" of every pastor would be greatly extended. City pastors and missionaries, if you want to save the promising youth who are crowding into your cities from our rural homes and villages, we will gladly assist you and give you all the information you need in reference to them, for we want you to save them. Let us hear from you.

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